OL 40 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1953

Lehi Wakes Again

Dorothy J. Roberts

Lehi wakes again in these deep eyes,
For dawn unraveling his shroud of night
Reveals arroyos where his red dust lies,
His fables crumbling in the mesa's light.

He walked in his decreed immunity
Spared, when his fair kin met oblivion's waves;
Through sinful eras, saved by chastity,
He built his hogan on the fair ones' graves.

Penanced with clouded sight and darkened skin,
He roamed, lost courier of the distant dead;
Stalking the centuries in moccasin
He left few symbols save the arrowhead.

Lehi looks again toward the promised land
From persecution's wide and bitter sea.
Calm is the spirit tried on trackless sand
Where patience hardens into majesty.

His fair, white kinship to its source will trace
Through blood remembered, when his mind is freed.
Lehi lives in this long-chastened race
To fill the covenant upon his seed.

The Cover: Mount Athabaska, Jasper National Park, Canada
Photograph by Bob Bishop
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Frontispiece: Taos Indian, Photograph by Hal Rumel

From Near and Far

I find peace and calm for my need in the December frontispiece. This is the most beautiful painting of Christ I have seen—and the child touches my heart-strings. And the poem on the opposite page ("They Looked for Him" by Lael W. Hill) is so beautiful. These two pages give so much to so many in and out of the Church. I am enjoying all of the *Magazine*, but believe I have received most, along with the frontispiece picture and poem, from the editorial—"From a Far Country"—which has the metaphor and imagery of a poem, and from the little article "Not Wholly Yourself" (by Kate Richards, page 862). Also, I shall use the information given in "Christmas Aprons From Scraps" (By Celia Luce, page 835).

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I usually get to Church, sixteen miles away, Sunday night, but, of course, I miss Relief Society. I do enjoy the *Magazine*, which helps to keep me abreast of the activities. The Christmas poetry is excellent. I particularly like Ruth H. Chadwick's "Christmas Preparations" and Martha Whiting Brown's "Journey to the Holy Land." I was glad to see another poem by Gertrude Kovan ("Early Sunrise," page 860).

—Matia McClelland Burk,
Tombstone, Arizona

I just received the December *Relief Society Magazine*, with its beautiful, uplifting articles and poetry. I made the delicious almond tortes (from the recipe on page 190, March 1951) and they were very much enjoyed by my guests. I am going to try some of the other cookery recipes. *The Relief Society Magazine* writers are marvelous authors of short stories. Thank you for such lovely reading and for the extremely practical household suggestions.

—Helen McQuarrie Evans
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sweden is the best mission ever for me. I love to teach the gospel, and find that a mission helps to make one alert, kind, studied, and clean in mind and body, and with all these gifts from our Father in heaven, we can reach the human soul and teach the principles of the gospel.

—Hilda O. Malmberg
Kalmar, Sweden

I have just finished reading the article "Activities of Latter-day Saint Women in Europe" (by Emma Ray McKay, December 1952) and it touched my heart greatly. It so aptly proves that we are all of one family. . . . It is heartwarming to learn of those in other countries being faithful against every obstacle.

—Mrs. Mabel Rogers
Seattle, Washington

Thanks for your lovely letter of acceptance of my story "Pot-Head Kettle." Your letter brought with it the thrill and the joy which all letters of acceptance bring, but it brought something else—a closeness, a sort of belonging, of reaching out to my own people. As a child I would sit for hours listening to the oldsters tell true experience stories of their lives. Some day I would like to put those stories in book form, that others might see and know those great people.

—Velma D. Cloward
Turlock, California

I would like to say how much I think the covers are of beauty this year. I have them lined up for easy reaching to back numbers, and they are like a flower garden, with their pinks, yellows, lavenders, and greens. Charming idea.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

Being a regular subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine*, I have for many years been very interested in the poems and stories that are published from time to time, which I feel sure are sent in by Relief Society sisters.

—Arvella N. Jaynes
Crescent, Utah

I read and enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* so much—such clean, wholesome and inspiring stories and poems, together with the wonderful lesson outlines, articles, and features for the home—so much we gain by reading the *Magazine*.

—Pauline O. Snow
Ferron, Utah

I have to sit in a wheel chair now on account of arthritis, but I get a lot of good out of the *Magazine*. I enjoy it very much.

—Mrs. Irene O. Clawson
Hyrum, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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The Fluorescence of the Lamanites

Elder Spencer W. Kimball
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1952]

I pay tribute to you, the mothers of Israel, and thank the Lord for you, and for the glorious work that you are doing in Zion.

I come to realize more and more, as my experience broadens, the vast influence and power that a small minority may wield in this world, in politics, in religion, in social activities, everywhere you go. A small group, united in purpose, with definite goals, may greatly influence the great majorities.

Sister Spafford mentioned that the subject of my talk would be the Indian Relations work. I should like to broaden that slightly, and discuss with you the minority program.

Last year the brethren saw fit to reorganize the proselyting program within the stakes of Zion. The First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve were brought into the program with the First Council of the Seventy, and some additional prestige has come to this great program. The 35,000-odd conversions in the past fifteen years under the First Council of the Seventy have proved the power of this work.

I feel that we have hardly scratched the surface in the proselyting endeavor in the stakes of Zion. Now that stakes are scattered from ocean to ocean, from the north to the south, and we have strong leadership and many people, there is no reason now why we cannot reach out and bring into our numbers the millions of good, honorable people of the world, who are searching for the truth.

The stake missionary program, as now re-organized, is under the direction of President Stephen L Richards of the First Presidency. President Joseph Fielding Smith is the chairman of all of the missionary endeavor. There is a sub-committee on the stake missionary work, and included in the stake missionary work is the proselyting of the minority groups.

This is not limited to the Indians, though in many of the stakes, perhaps half of the stakes of Zion, the Indian program looms the largest of all the minority groups. However, we have far more Lamanite people speaking the Spanish language in the stakes of Zion, and there are areas where the Japanese are predominant, and there are other minority groups—the Greeks, the Italians, and others.

It is the purpose of the stake missionary work to reach out and proselyte, and bring into the Church these many wonderful people. It is far easier for us to teach the gospel to the Japanese, the Chinese, the Italians, the Greeks, and the Spanish, here, rather than to go to their homeland where laws and competition and persecution as well as the language barrier, control and limit our efforts.

In the stake missionary work now is the work for the minorities, and the work for the minorities includes all of these various groups. I should like to read at this juncture the instructions of the First Presidency of the Church as sent to the presidencies of stakes in May of this year.

In or near many stakes of the Church are found groups of Indians, Spanish-speaking people, Japanese, Chinese, Greeks, Armenians, Italians, and others. Where such minority groups are found, it may be desirable to have district presidents supervise the work among them. Missionaries who have returned from foreign missions, especially those who speak the language of the minority groups, should be called to labor in this field, and, wherever possible, converts from among the groups themselves should be used as missionaries among their own people.

In many stakes are groups of Indians who are somewhat permanently located. In others, Indians come from the reservations for seasonal employment. Careful planning should be made to prepare for these people. Too frequently the Indians are about ready to leave the area before the missionaries are alerted to the need. Sometimes missionaries and stake officers feel that since the transients are going to be there for only a short time no good will come of working with them. But many converts have been made in a period of a few days in the fields, on the railroad track, in the mines, or on the ditchbank. Many of the Indians returning to their reservations after the seasonal work take with them fond memories of kindnesses and of testimonies, and frequently complete their conversion at home.

The stake and ward auxiliaries, with their enlistment committees and other facilities, should lend the fullest possible assistance and cooperation in aiding the stake missionary program. They should gather information on investigators and others who might be interested, and cause such information to be transmitted to the mission presidency. They should, wherever possible, adapt classes to meet the needs of investigators and new converts.

Stake presidencies will arrange for a proper correlation of the auxiliary organization with the stake mission.

We no longer call it the Indian Relations Committee. We no longer call it the Correlation Committee. However, the functions have not changed, as you note in the last two lines: "Stake presidencies will arrange for a proper correlation of the auxiliary organizations with the stake mission."

THIS means, sisters, no diminution, no relaxing, in the program of carrying the work to the minority groups. It is merely new emphasis. It is the old program, but we are using the organization which we have: the stake presidency, the stake mission presidency, the high councilors, the auxiliary leaders in the stakes, and then the stake missionaries, of course, under the stake mission presidency, all working co-operatively together to take the gospel to those who are in need in the various stakes.

Now the work in all of the stakes is so varied, it is a difficult thing to work out a program which will fit all conditions found. In the regular work in the stakes the sisters may study literature and social science, as well as work day and theology, but among the minorities, sometimes the work must be adapted to suit the needs of the people. Literature, obviously, would not fit the needs of some of the groups who are less cultured among the minorities, and so substitutions

are made by wise stake presidencies and auxiliary leaders in those stakes.

Now, I have wondered how I could best stimulate and encourage you folks toward the promotion of this work, and it seemed to me that perhaps if I gave to you some examples of work that has been done by your own selves, that that inspiration might pass to others of you. Being very intelligent people, you can adapt programs. All you need, I am sure, is the original vision, a vision of millions of good folks who need the gospel, millions of minority peoples who have been long deprived, and particularly millions of Lamanites, some sixty million, who have the blood of Lehi in their veins—these people, who have been so long deprived, and who need the gospel so much!

SO I should like to quote from some of your own sisters in some of your stakes, the work that has been done in some of them, hoping that you may catch the spirit of it, and the vision of it, and go back into your own stakes, and under the direction of your stake presidency, find ways and means to bring the gospel to these people.

Reno Stake

From the Reno Stake, Sister Oxborrow writes:

At the time the Relief Society was organized three years ago in Fallon, there were no baptized members, and now there are twenty. They have also six non-members who attend the meetings regularly. The monthly visits of the visiting teachers are doing much to break down the superstitions of these people, and in gaining their confidence and friendship. Some of the Indian sisters are officers, and attend our union meetings regularly. The visiting teachers are being welcomed in the homes, now, where, at first, they were not. This has also proved an opportunity to help improve their home conditions. They are teaching them how to care for themselves and their families, and how to can foods.

At our visiting teachers' convention two weeks ago, three of the Indian sisters sang for us. One of the Indian sisters bore her testimony. She said it was quite difficult for her to preach the gospel to her people because of their legends, but said that the gospel seemed to be what they had been trying to remember.

Union Stake

Sister Lindsay in the Union Stake said that two sisters were sustained on the Relief Society stake board as a special committee to work with Indian women on the Umatilla Indian Reservation.

When we held our annual stake homemaker's day here in LeGrande, our Indian sisters had a beautiful display. Meetings were held twice monthly, and attendance increased from three at first to thirteen during the winter. Indian sisters were asked what they would like to do or learn, and a vote showed a preference for quilting. Besides quilting, knitting, crocheting, and cooking were taught. Such foods as corn bread, cocoa, bread puddings, and sauces, doughnuts, and applesauce were taught, and a blessing on the food was always given by the Indian women.

They gave lessons on the gospel, too, and hymns were taught.

North Box Elder and South Box Elder Stakes

From Brigham City, Sister Wight and Sister Knudson report:

In three years' work we have been able to reach about twenty women. At first they were very cold and reserved, but now they accept us as their friends

and helpers. We have had a weekly work meeting during the three years. We have given them all the arts and crafts taught in our Relief Societies, including crocheting, knitting, textile painting, flower and quilt making. They have finished eight lovely quilts.

Humboldt Stake

Sister Burner, from Elko, writes:

The Lamanites who have joined the Church seem to be faithful people, and we hope that we can continue our labors with them. If we do not, they will be sorely disappointed.

One Indian woman in Wells has been baptized and is a visiting teacher and a Primary teacher. She is very faithful in attending to her duties. A few days ago President Dahl mentioned this sister to me and said, "She is one of the finest teachers in our whole stake." She is a full-blooded Indian.

Kanab Stake

Sister Heaton writes from Moccasin, Arizona:

The care of their children and homemaking are improving. They make their own quilts and sew and mend. The Relief Society teachers make a monthly visit to each Indian home.

Sevier Stake

Elder Christensen, down in Richfield, writes that they have a Relief Society with the Indian ladies alone. The meetings are effective, and the attendance is good; they plan a lesson to present along with sewing and quilting. During the past season they have completed seventeen quilts and have six in the making.

Snowflake Stake

Sister Hendrickson at Snowflake reports:

We have attempted to hold meetings among the cucumber pickers of Shumway, Taylor, and Snowflake. Through the efforts of one of our sisters, at Flagstaff, an entire family of Hopi Indians joined the Church. I can see that they (the Indian women, generally) have made a few improvements in cleanliness and a marvelous advancement in their attitudes toward us. One day a Lutheran minister walked into our Relief Society meeting. As is often the case, a husband of one of the women was present. The minister proceeded to try to discredit the Mormons, trying to stir up contention. Then this young Indian husband stood up and defended us. He said he was glad we came to teach his wife good things, and he wanted us to keep coming. Just that speech was pay for all that I have done. The message taken into all the homes in the stake for a year was, for this stake, "Do a kind act for an Indian."

San Juan Stake

From Blanding, Sister Hurst writes:

We have two Relief Society organizations among this people, one for the Navajos, and one for the Utes. We have attempted to give them some simple lessons on health. We have some old sewing machines, and with them we have taught the Indian women to piece quilt tops. The Indian women buy quilt batts and use them with the tops which they make, and the backs which they buy. They have quite a number of very good serviceable quilts for their families. Some of them are very good at making clothing for their families, too. This year, on her own initiative, one woman has bottled over 120 quarts of fruit, besides making some jams and drying some apricots and peaches. One Indian family planted and raised a very nice garden, and from it gathered a good deal of produce, some of which is being dried for use in the winter months ahead. We are attempting to teach them how to darn. One thing we have learned is that every one who works with our Lamanite sisters learns to love them.

St. George Stake

Sister Dewsnup of St. George, says:

Lessons on gospel subjects, the Golden Rule, cleanliness, sanitation, and honesty are given, and they are taught to sing our hymns and to pray. All the women make quilts, etc.

Mt. Graham Stake

Sister Merrill of the stake board writes that she fixes meals in her home, shows these women the many conveniences that she has, lets them help to prepare the meal. One of the Indian brothers there said, "Well, I sure believe in the way you treat the Indians."

Cedar Stake

Sister Parry reports:

Of the thirteen babies born in our village last year and this, nine died, four lived. We teach them nursing. Two Indian women completed a home nursing course under the direction of the Red Cross in the spring.

The Welfare co-ordinator of this region reports that the attitude of the Indians receiving Welfare is very good, and above that of some of our own white people receiving Welfare, in that most of them are willing and anxious to work for what they receive. We have been able to remodel and mend enough clothes for most of the children in the village, as well as for most of the grown folks.

Millard Stake

From Kanosh, in Millard Stake, where Sister Beckstrand presides, we have this report:

They (the Indian women) seem to enjoy our theology and work meetings. One sister wept silently as we delivered the teachers' topic in her home. Last Thursday we held our work meeting at the Indian camp. All attended. A card table with a white cover and a centerpiece of asters made the undecorated room homey and attractive.

Roosevelt Stake

At Ouray, some forty quilts were made out in the Roosevelt Stake. At Randlett, from one home where they had grown a fairly good garden of their own, a sixty-five year old Indian mother brought for me to see, pint bottles of string beans, little carrots, plums, etc., and her face was beaming with pride as she wiped the bottles with a white cloth, and how they sparkled! She said, "The Relief Society teaches us how to do it."

Maricopa Stake

Sister Brinton writes that one of the finest things that has ever affected their Indian sisters there was the request from the general board of the Relief Society for every member to pay the $5 to the Relief Society Building.

They feared they could not do it. But with some encouragement from the stake authorities, they went to work. President Wright gave a dozen chickens for a chicken dinner, then each of the Indian women gave a chicken. President Wright gave the cakes from his bakery, and Bishop Hicks gave $25. In the next months we had an average attendance of 22 out of 27 enrolled. Some walked as far as 3 miles to be there. Two old women, almost blind, could weave pot holders and were always there. The Indian girls served. They made themselves crepe paper aprons and caps and some sisters were with them to help them prepare and show them how, but had them do all the cooking and serving. After they paid their assessment to the general board they had $299 left.

The Spanish-American Lamanite Relief Society was the first, and the Indian Relief Society the third in the whole stake to turn in their quota.

And wasn't the Spanish-American branch here in Salt Lake the first in the Church to reach the goal? Sister Spafford says this is correct.

Almost all of the Lamanite sisters can make light bread, wholewheat and white, beautiful cakes and pies, rolls, etc.

Phoenix Stake

In the Phoenix Stake they are doing an admirable work. Several different groups of Indians, and Spanish-Americans, are doing a wonderful work there. Sister Shumway writes:

We realize that our real purpose with the Lamanite people is to teach them the gospel. Their interest grew in The Book of Mormon, and then we taught them with flannel-grams, and with the stories and pictures, pictures brought from Salt Lake, which had their attention. We have encouraged the women to go to the hospital to have their babies, so there would be greater safety and there would be less loss of life. The Government hospital there gives them five days in maternity cases.

We teach these dear people everything from soap making to marriage vows, and family ties. A year or so ago the first marriage which most of them can remember was performed. Our bishop performed the marriage. The stake president was present and gave a fine talk on marriage. It was in the schoolhouse, and we decorated with flowers, had a lovely refreshment table, with music, and did our best to make it sweet and lovely. There were forty invited guests, and they sat wide-eyed and quiet. Many eyes were filled with tears, which spilled over and ran down brown, freshly scoured cheeks. Men attend the meetings in many of these cases.

SISTERS, this is a great work. There are limitless possibilities, as limitless as are your dreams of the night and your thoughts of the day, and your interest and your love for your fellow men and women. You can go out to these people, take your sisters to these camps. You can provide a program that will inspire them.

I want to close with my favorite theme, that quilts and cans of fruits and vegetables and layettes and banquets and bazaars and clothing and sewing and cooking and sanitation and nursing and knitting, and all those things are but the bolts and the screws and the fenders and the wheels and the tires of the vehicle that takes us to our goal. Our goal is not to make quilts. Our goal is to make saints of the Lamanite people, and the other minority groups. It is to build character; it is to build faith; it is to give them knowledge of their Lord and his program.

The Lord said, "This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). He did not mean the white man only, he meant the red man and the brown man. And that is your privilege as executives and officers in the Relief Societies of this Church, under your stake presidencies and in co-operation with the stake missions, to carry the gospel of peace and good will and love to the minority groups in this the true Church, the Church of Jesus Christ.

I bear testimony of the divinity of this work, and the divinity of this Church, and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

"Morning's at Seven"

Mabel S. Harmer

JANEY was not eavesdropping. She had been told to sit there on the porch and shell peas. If her mother had wanted to get her away she could easily have said, "Run down and gather some currants, Janey." Or, "You may go and play now, dear. The peas can wait." She did that often enough, when Mrs. Mathews came across the street to visit.

Janey was awfully glad that today wasn't one of those times. She did so love to hear Mrs. Mathews talk. She knew absolutely everything about everybody and rolled the most delicious little bits of news off her tongue. It was easy to tell that she got real enjoyment just out of talking.

Right now, however, she was merely telling about Mrs. Whitcomb's operation, and it wasn't at all exciting, so Janey went back to thinking of Pippa, the little factory girl, about whom she had been reading last night. Pippa was an entrancing character. She had only one day in all the year for herself, and had used that day to go through the countryside singing her song. Although Pippa didn't know it, the song had changed the lives of everyone who heard it.

Pippa—what a lovely name! Janey said it twice very softly. It sounded like a song sparrow at dawn or wood violets in April. As

MABEL S. HARMER

for her own name, it wouldn't always be just plain Jane. When she grew up and could wear nylons and a black satin dress she would spell it *Jayne*. Nearly everyone now called her Janey, so she would only have to juggle the y and e around.

And Pippa's song! It was as lovely as her name. No wonder it changed everyone who heard it. Janey tried to make up a tune for the words, "The year's at the spring and day's at the morn, morning's at seven . . . ."

She was brought back with a start when she heard Mrs. Mathews mention Andrea Cline.

Anything about her music teacher would be interesting. She was so tall and had such beautiful camellia skin—at least, Janey called it that. And her great dark eyes! Besides, it was so romantic for her to live in the big Cline mansion that had been built by her grandfather, who, some people said, was a rogue. Whatever he was, he had certainly built a beautiful big house with a sparkly glass chandelier in the parlor.

"You know she must be nearly thirty now," Mrs. Mathews was saying. "And she's never been able to settle on another fellow since Steve Welling married. After his wife died I thought sure . . . ."

"It's nothing but pride that keeps them apart," Janey's mother interrupted. "And mighty foolish pride at that. Steve met Elsie while he was down in Georgia in the army. I guess he was like a lot of the other boys—so upset with this war business that he didn't know what he was doing—and they'd get so lonely and all. Not that Elsie wasn't a sweet little girl, but now that she's dead, and Steve is left with those two children . . . ."

"That's just the trouble," declared Mrs. Mathews emphatically. "I'm just as sure as I am that I'm sitting here that he wants to make up with her, but he's afraid it might look like all he wanted was someone to take care of the children—although, goodness knows, he sure needs someone better than that poor, old, slow-moving Mrs. Ransome. And Andrea's too proud to lift a finger to get him back because he didn't ask her in the first place."

JANEY let the peas fall absently through her fingers as she drew a mental picture of the lovely Andrea Cline sitting alone in the big two-story house with the glass chandelier and the attic made into a ballroom—her beauty gradually fading, while she taught five-finger exercises to the little girls of Torrey, turning away all suitors because she still loved Steve Welling.

With Mrs. Mathews' next words, the fascinating, soul-stirring picture was shattered. Janey gave such a start that the pan fell right off her lap and half the peas went rolling across the porch.

"She's going away, you know." It was clear from her tone that Mrs. Mathews had been saving this choice bit of gossip until the last. "She's leaving for Boston to study music, although I'm sure I don't know why she needs any more."

Janey knelt to scoop up the peas before her mother saw them and had a conniption. This was a terrible situation. Something must be done about it. Andrea musn't be allowed to go off to a big city where she would never see Steve Welling again while his little girls grew up just getting their hair combed every other day and maybe no vitamins.

It was up to somebody to do something about it—probably herself. Would it help to walk past the Cline house singing Pippa's song? Perhaps Andrea would listen and when she heard the words, "The hillside's dew pearled, the lark's on the wing," her heart would be so full of beauty that there would be no room for pride. On the other hand, maybe she

wouldn't pay the least bit of attention. Pippa didn't know about the good that came from her song. But this was different. Janey had to know.

She took the peas in the house and said, "If there isn't anything else for me to do I'd like to go for a walk."

Her mother nodded, "All right, dear," and went ahead basting ruffles on curtains.

Janey put on her wide-brimmed hat that she often thought would look beautiful trimmed with big, red roses, and walked briskly down the front steps. She didn't have a plan yet. She hoped one would come before she reached Andrea's house. All she knew was that she simply had to do something. Something so that she could sing "God's in his heaven; All's right with the world." So that Andrea and Steve could sing it, too—if they knew it.

She walked the four blocks down to the Cline house, and still had no plan, so she stopped and picked a few rose berries from the bushes that climbed over the fence. For the first time she noticed how shabby the mansion was. The yellow paint had darkened and peeled. The front porch sagged, and the garden was overrun with weeds. All those rooms for just one person, thought Janey. I guess she'll never be able to sell it, unless someone needs it for a boarding house or a mortuary. But it could sure use a man around.

There was no sound of the piano, so she knew that Andrea wasn't giving a music lesson. Should she sing, "And day's at the morn?" She'd have to sing awful loud to be heard above the mail truck coming down the street. There was one thing sure. Pippa didn't have to compete with motor trucks when she was singing.

She thought once of going inside—but what could she say if she did? She couldn't very well plead with Andrea not to go to Boston.

She couldn't stand there picking rose berries all day, so she walked along. She wasn't quite sure that she had meant to go past the Welling house, but the next thing—there it was.

IT looked very small after the Cline mansion, but it was fairly new, and everything, including the garden, was neat and trim. Janey sighed. It was a perfectly darling place, and maybe tile in the bathroom was better than a glass chandelier in the parlor. It would probably be better for them to live here. If nobody would buy the mansion for a mortuary, it could be made into apartments.

She knew well enough there was no need of singing here. The song would do Mrs. Ransome no good, and Steve probably wasn't home. Anyway, at that moment, there was a shriek from within that would have drowned out all but the very loudest of songs.

Janey walked up to the door. Maybe one of the children had just fallen from the top of the refrigerator. No one answered her knock, and the shrieks were becoming increasingly louder, so she walked in. The two little girls, who looked to be about three and four years of age, were fighting over a doll. There were at least a dozen

other toys scattered about, but they were both determined to have that doll. Janey separated the two and consoled one of them with a battered Teddy bear.

"Where's Mrs. Ransome?" she asked.

"Downstairs," answered the older child.

Janey was about to go and see if she had, by any chance, fallen down the stairs, when the basement door opened and Mrs. Ransome came into the kitchen.

"Excuse me for walking in," said Janey. "I knocked, but no one answered, and the children were screaming, so I thought I'd better come in and see if anything was the matter."

She hoped that Mrs. Ransome wouldn't ask why she was there in the first place. It would have been a very hard question to answer.

"One of them is always yelling," shrugged Mrs. Ransome. "Linda wants Gay's things, and the other way around. I was doing some washing. I have to leave them alone sometimes or I'd never get anything done. All this work and fuss is too much for a woman of my age. I don't know as I can hold out much longer."

"You do look awfully tired," sympathized Janey. "Would you like me to take them for a little walk?"

Mrs. Ransome brightened at once. "I sure would appreciate it. Seems like I just can't get through the day unless I have a rest of some kind. Maybe I'd even have time to run down to the store." She looked at the tousled youngsters and sighed. "They ought to be cleaned up, though, only everything they own is in the wash."

"They'll be all right," said Janey quickly. The beginnings of a wonderful plan had just popped into her head. "I'll take care of them."

"That's mighty sweet of you. It's awful hard for me to get away. I just have to hang up the clothes, and I'll be through with the washing."

SHE plodded off, and Janey turned to the children. "Come on," she said brightly. "We're going for a walk."

She knew that their faces could have done with a washing, but clean faces might be a detriment to her plan. Linda still clung to her rag doll and Gay to the Teddy bear. Janey took hold of the free hand of each.

They had to walk slowly, but came at last to the Cline house. This time there was no hesitation. Janey swung the gate open on its rusty hinges and guided her party up to the front door. She hoped that Andrea was at home. If not, they would have to wait on the porch. There was too much at stake for her to go back now.

She rang the bell and waited breathlessly, as the sound of footsteps came closer. The door opened, and Andrea said with a smile, "Well, Janey, this is a nice surprise. It seems that I have visitors."

She swung open the screen door and ushered them inside.

"I was just taking the children for a walk, so I thought we'd come in and see you. They wanted a drink," Janey added, with sudden inspiration.

"Of course. It's such a warm day. I'll get them something at once. Do you care for them regularly?" she asked, starting for the door.

"No, just for today. Mrs. Ransome has so much to do that she can't ever take them for a walk, and they were just dying to get out. Anyway, she's too old and slow. She can't even keep them clean—all the time. They're the Welling children, you know."

Andrea stopped short for a brief moment, and her cheeks colored lightly. "Oh—I didn't know," she said, turning back to look at them again.

Gay stared back with great, solemn eyes. Janey decided that she couldn't have done better if she had been coached. Linda sat down primly on a footstool and smoothed her doll's dress.

Presently Andrea came back with glasses of milk and some cookies. "I thought they might like this better than just a drink of water. Anyway, you're supposed to give company light refreshments," she said gaily.

"Lovely!" cried Janey. "I'm sure they don't get cookies very often. I'll bet they've never even tasted homemade ones, like these. I suppose Mrs. Ransome does her best, but she can't do more than just keep things going. She said today that she didn't think she could stay there much longer. I guess older women don't have much patience with children." She sighed as she patted Gay's tangled curls.

"I daresay it is difficult," Andrea agreed.

"My mother says," Janey went on, "that Mr. Welling ought to get married again, but that he has too much pride to ask anyone, because they might think it's just to get a housekeeper. I think pride like that is a terrible thing, don't you?"

"Yes—I suppose that the wrong kind of pride can cause a lot of heartache," Andrea agreed slowly.

JANEY made her cookie last as long as possible, then remarked, "I guess we ought to be going. I thought maybe I'd take them home for supper tonight. With Mrs. Ransome going to town, there likely won't be much at their house. Mother is busy canning peas, but there's always something good and filling. We can go and see, anyway."

She stood up and was starting for the door, when Andrea said—almost as if she were forcing herself to speak—"I could give them some supper here tonight, if you like. I'm not especially busy."

"Oh, could you really!" cried Janey quickly. "That would be wonderful. But I'd have to go home and get them some clean dresses. I'd have put them on before, but Mrs. Ransome was just through washing and they weren't dry enough to iron. I reckon Mr. Welling would just have a conniption if he ever found out I'd taken them away looking like this. Is it all right if I phone him and ask him to pick them up here?"

Janey held her breath. It was the most daring part of her whole plan, and she didn't know whether she had gone too far or not.

Andrea bit her lip for a moment

Mabel S. Harmer, Salt Lake City, is well known to *Relief Society Magazine* readers for her serial stories: "The Lotus Eater" (1937-38) and "For the Strength of the Hills" (1951), as well as for her many excellent short stories which have appeared in the *Magazine* since 1933. Her story "The Pink Angel" was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1944, and her story "Eloise and the Indian" received first prize in last year's contest.

Mrs. Harmer writes: "I have a husband—Earl W. Harmer, five children and six grandchildren. I am a member of the League of Utah Writers, having recently served as state president of that organization. Also, I am a member of the National League of American Penwomen. I have written the *Deseret News* daily children's story for the past five years, making a total of 1500 stories. My sixth book *The Youngest Soldier* will shortly be published by The Deseret Book Company. I have served in a number of stake and ward Church positions, and am currently teaching the social science lesson in the Garden Park Ward Relief Society."

and then said, "I'll call him. Perhaps he would like to stay for dinner, too."

"He works at the Balfour Lumber Company. I'll run for the clothes right now."

She hurried down the street and took the dresses from the line. Then she left a note in the door for Mrs. Ransome, telling her that they would all be away for dinner. When she came back she found the little girls with scrubbed faces and smoothly combed hair. Janey ironed the dresses and helped put them on.

"That's the way they ought to look all the time!" she exclaimed. "Aren't they just like little dolls?"

"They're very sweet," Andrea agreed with a smile.

Janey helped prepare the dinner and kept the children out of the way so that they would be the least possible trouble. She declined an invitation to stay, although she would gladly have given both eye teeth and her Christmas pearls to have done so.

When it was nearly six she said fervently, "It was simply super of you to offer to give this poor family a good home-cooked meal. I'm sure that they'll never forget it."

She knew that she ought to go straight home, but she couldn't resist hiding behind the lilac bush until Steve Welling came. After all, the happiness of four lives was at stake, and she had to know something of how it was going to turn out.

He drove up in his old Chev and stopped at the gate. Then he got out slowly as if it took a lot of courage. All the time Janey stood with her fingers crossed, saying, "Come on, Mr. Welling. Brighten up and leave your silly pride out there in the Chev."

He opened the gate and seemed to smile at the creak. Must have remembered that, thought Janey. Then he walked up on the porch and rang the bell. She noticed that he didn't even have to look to see where it was.

There was a tense moment be-

fore the door opened. Then Andrea was standing there, looking like a camellia in her pale pink dress and saying in a warm voice that made tingles go up and down Janey's spine, "Come on in, Steve. It's good to see you."

"It's wonderful to be here," he replied. He went in, and the door closed. Janey was walking on air as she turned to go.

She opened the gate very carefully so as to subdue the creak. She picked some more rose berries and threw them up high into the maple tree. "The year's at the spring," she sang softly to a surprised robin. "And day's at the morn. Morning's at seven . . . ." The six o'clock whistle blew. It was suppertime. Mother would have a conniption.

* * * *

The Dispossessed

Zera Wilde Earl

Long skirt rippling, you trudge your tired way
Beside your country road, your dress a tone
From some forgotten rainbow gone astray,
Your face deep-lined by the clouds your life has known.
Swift-speeding drivers mark your Indian grace,
Glance briefly at your calm and patient face.

Your people claimed this valley once, roamed free
Its sage-grown miles; knew every wind-swept hill;
Caught fish in our blue river; cunningly
Stalked game in those far canyons, deep and still;
Watched flaming sunset die in the day's last light,
Told tales of conquest round campfires at night.

Our wheat fields ripen now, the valley's length;
Snug and secure, our farm homes nestle where
Those old trails lay, but though our puny strength
Has triumphed, still the plan is in God's care.
Our interval of power is but a bridge;
The land, a loan, a borrowed heritage.

My Hearth Rug

Ethel Hopper

A rug is on my hearthstone
Like sunshine on the floor,
Its welcome brightness greets me
As I come in the door.

I know how it was fashioned.
How mother's face would shine
As careful hands worked swiftly
Creating a design.

This cheers our little cottage
And makes us feel a part
With dear ones who are distant—
Love from the old home's heart.

Charlie's Wife

Shirley Sargent

"THIS is it," Charlie said briefly and turned away to pay the cab driver.

Oh, no, Ann thought, staring at the square box-like frame house beyond the sagging wire fence. Tired umbrella trees drooped, shading straggly flowers in the front yard, and stubble fields stretched out, surrounding the planted area. Horrible! How could you stand a place like this, she wondered, looking down at her dust-covered high heels. She could never call a house like that home. Never. Dust swirled as the cab drove off.

Charlie was beside her, his thin mouth twisting upwards, saying, "Well, honey?"

Just hearing his flat, waiting tone brought all the frustration and disappointment in her out in a single angry statement. "It's a hovel," she said, letting hot tears press against her eyelids.

"You knew I didn't have much money before we were married. In a way, you signed up for things like this." Charlie's blue eyes narrowed, and parallel lines etched between his brows as he spoke.

"Oh, did I?" her voice shrilled unexpectedly on the still air. "I didn't dream then that you'd get yourself fired. And, now, look at us! Did you turn down all those good jobs just so you could drag me out to the sticks? Working for a contractor! What's so great about that? I'd rather live on less money in an apartment than move to a dump like this."

Charlie's voice was still quiet, but no longer flat. "There're plenty of reasons for starting here, Ann. But let's not dig up past history; let's start fresh." He put his arm around her. "New job, new home, new attitude. Here, I'll carry you over the threshold."

"No." She pushed him away. "There's nothing romantic about this doorstep."

She stepped quickly over the hard-packed earth toward the door. Grizzled tentacles of devil grass spread thinly over the dirt. As Ann grasped the door knob, it came off in her hand. That does it, she thought, feeling anger surge within her as she flung the rusted knob high.

Charlie made a wild stab at it, losing his straw hat in the attempt, then walked patiently after the knob. "Safe at first," he yelled.

Why did he make a joke out of it? It wasn't funny. Ann held herself tight, trying to get her temper under control. If he would only lose his self-possession; that calm of his was driving her mad.

She put both hands flat against the door, pushing it open. Ann saw her new home then, saw the linoleum floors, the torn shades, the plain wooden walls, and the bareness. She denied herself the luxury of contrasting it with the apartment.

"It's not very big," Charlie said, "but there're two rooms and electricity."

She resented his cheerful acceptance. "No bath, I suppose?"

"Right off the kitchen." He ignored her sarcasm. "It's small, but there's a shower. I can fix it without too much trouble."

"Oh, fine," she said, letting bitterness seep into her tone.

IT was then, when she least expected it, that he turned on her. "Now you listen to me, Ann. I warned you about the drawbacks of this place. We're renting it because it's so dirt cheap even we can afford to pay for it."

"You don't need to make us sound so poverty stricken," she said, tightly.

"No?" Charlie's tone was dangerous, and his eyes ablaze as she had never seen them before. "What do you call it, I wonder, when we owe debts all over town? It's not prosperity."

"You don't need to shout like that." She pitched her voice low. "And don't blame me for debts. We couldn't live on nothing for three months, waiting for you to get just the right job."

"Who went ahead and bought an automatic deep fryer, and I hate to think of what all else?" Charlie glared at her, but suddenly halted his tirade as she burst into tears. "All right, honey, let's forget it."

In the security of Charlie's arms, Ann allowed herself to weep unchecked. He was good and gentle, and she let him carry the bags in while she looked around. Their belongings—kitchen goods, lamps, one chair, and clothes—looked pitiful piled in the middle of the floor. Charlie had brought their bed and bureau up last week. There were two rooms, the living-bedroom with the bed in one corner and the bureau in the other, and the kitchen. Compared to the living room, the kitchen was well stocked, but, compared to memories, both rooms were bare.

Less than a week ago, Ann remembered, she had been curled in the love seat reading the new Book-of-the-Month selection. The apartment wasn't large, but adequate, furnished tastefully from beige carpeting to the month-old green drapes. She had felt like a young homemaker until Charlie had walked in with his mouth set in a thin, grim line.

"One," he had announced, "I have a job working for a contractor up north. Start as a timekeeper, with a good chance to advance. Two, I talked to a man at the bank today about our overdrawn account. They want their money—now. So, three, I arranged to sell most of our furniture . . . ."

"Sell?" The numbness had worn off, and protest rose to her lips.

". . . to a second-hand man," he ignored her. "And, four, we're moving to a two-room excuse of a house as soon as we take care of things here. Answer the door, honey, it's probably the furniture man."

"I won't let you sell my nice furniture." Ann had been almost hysterical. "Daddy will send us a check."

"Grow up, Ann. Your father is through paying for things for us. Please help me get good prices for these things."

Afterwards, Charlie had congratulated her on her courage, but bargaining with the man over her own pieces had been torture to Ann. Finally, she had welcomed Charlie's embraces and reassurances and promised to start over again.

BUT, now, the promise seemed as hollow as the house. Automatically she went about fixing dinner, missing her electric mixer and automatic roaster. Charlie had returned his electric razor, too, she reminded herself, but he seemed to think this whole move a lark of some sort. The kitchen was tiny and crowded by the bulk of an old-fashioned electric stove. The sink needed scrubbing, the tileboard was worn, and the icebox drain was plugged up.

If it weren't for Charlie, if she didn't love him so, she would never have agreed to this move. Not that there was any decision left for her except to go back home. What did Charlie mean saying daddy was through keeping them? Daddy liked to help them get ahead. Tomorrow she'd find some way to get to town and send him a telegram. He wouldn't stand for her living in this place that Charlie wanted her to call home. If Charlie hadn't been fired from his job with the insurance company, they'd still have the apartment. Well, he couldn't blame her for that.

"Will you set the table?" she called into the living room.

"There isn't one—yet." Charlie grinned as if it were a huge joke. "I'll pick up some lumber and make us one tomorrow. Tonight, we'll have to eat off a box." He helped her crowd the dishes on an upturned box.

Ann saw nothing humorous in the situation. At their apartment she had always set a pretty table, with candles and flowers for effect. Again she wanted to cry, but swallowed her tears along with a mouthful of scrambled eggs. Charlie didn't even look worried! And never an apology.

"That was a good dinner, honey." He leaned back on another box, glancing about the room as if he were pleased. "A coat of paint and some Hercules mahogany will do wonders for this place. It'll be homelike in no time."

That's what he thought! "What about the car?" she asked. "Are you going back to town and get it out of the garage, or can't you pay the repair bill?

"We," he corrected. The relaxed look was gone from his face as he looked at her. "I sold the car," he said quickly. "So I could pay our back rent. There was enough money left over to pick up a fourteenth hand '31 Ford."

"A what?" Shocked protest was in her demand.

"Look, honey, people like us can't afford convertibles when we owe rent, so I went ahead and traded her in. I figured you'd be upset. . . ."

"But you didn't bother to consult me?" she asked coldly. "This place and no car. What next?"

"Next I'm going to work my head off to make good on this job and start a new bank account and shake free from the last of the debts we managed to pile up in the city."

"Oh, if you'd wanted to make good, you wouldn't have been fired three months ago."

"You ask for it, don't you?" His tone was cold and his eyes measured her as if she added up to two feet. "All right, listen to me, I got fired because I refused to toady to your father's friends. Remember? Well, I wasted three months hunting for just the right job, not worrying about money because I thought we had it in the bank. Then I finally discovered we were up to our necks in debt, thanks to that wall-to-wall carpeting and a lot of labor-saving devices you bought without asking me."

"I guess that stock father warned you against wasn't so good after all. Not to mention the money you put in Hilary's business—I suppose that's gone, too?"

His eyes went blank. "Yes," he said dully, as if it didn't matter. "We're both to blame. But, Ann, don't you see? We stopped in time; we can start over."

Before she could stop him, he had kissed her forehead and disappeared into the bedroom, leaving her with the dishes. At home—at the apartment—he had always helped. It was a small matter but, added to everything else that had gone wrong, it was enough to make her weep. He was right about the job, but she wasn't the only one to blame, she thought, as she washed the few dishes.

IN the morning she heard the alarm go off, but pretended sleep as she listened to Charlie getting ready for work. After he went into the kitchen, it was quiet and she drifted back to sleep. When she awoke, later, sun streamed through the bleary windows, highlighting the pitted linoleum.

The dormant anger in her stirred as she realized how little Charlie had told her about this new job. Timekeeper for a contractor, that was about all she knew. Had someone picked him up this morning, or had he walked to work? Was he coming home for lunch? Why, she didn't even know what time to expect him this evening! He could have told her a few things, she thought resentfully. Remembering that she had not asked, only swelled her irritation.

When she saw the plain ugliness of the living room in the sunlight, a feeling almost like hate held her. Charlie had done this; brought her to this place. It was his fault they had had to move from their apartment. If he hadn't got himself fired, they would never have had to worry about debt. Everything she had bought had been for the future—the expected future when Charlie would invite important people home to the apartment. But Charlie had invested their savings in Hilary's business. Still, that wasn't quite true, Ann admitted to herself, sinking onto their one chair. He had loaned him $250, sure that he would get it back in time, while she had spent nearly that much on clothes and things for the apartment, forgetting that the monthly pay check was of the past. She hadn't realized in time that their bank account was gone. She hadn't told Charlie, but had wired her father for a check to cover the overdraft. As usual, Daddy's

check had been more than generous, and she had ignored the warning tone of his letter. The next time a check came back, Charlie had discovered the whole story.

"You mean to tell me this is the second time we've been overdrawn?"

"Daddy covered it the first time. I didn't want to worry you."

"Worry me? You're giving me gray hair, making me liable for jail and a few other minor details like being in your father's debt."

"Daddy doesn't mind. He wants us to have nice things."

Charlie had just looked at her. "That's a sweet idea, honey, but it's outmoded. That last letter from your father says no more checks. Let Charlie support you and stop running up bills. Maybe you don't remember that, but here's the letter. Read it."

Re-reading it, under Charlie's gaze, she had recognized the finality of daddy's phrases. "I'm sure he'd reconsider," she had managed, positive that he would.

But Charlie had answered quickly, "We aren't going to give him the chance. I'm keeping an appointment with the man at the bank, then, I'll have news for you."

Even that, Ann remembered, hadn't convinced her. Selling the furniture had, losing the apartment had, and renting this house had. Had what? she asked herself. Had convinced her that Charlie was right—not about everything, of course, but daddy's attitude toward her spending.

She twisted uneasily in the chair, seeing the drabness of the room. Those nails in the wall must have supported pictures . . . maybe she could put . . . but no, they didn't have any pictures now. They didn't have much of anything, and if daddy was right, it was her fault.

Restlessly she strode into the kitchen, surveying the unpacked dishes and the cupboard space with a critical eye. After a quick breakfast, she arranged the plates, cups, and bowls, one by one, finding a pleasure in doing something. But the task she had set herself was a light one, soon done to her satisfaction. The house was so quiet. And empty, and forlorn, echoing with Charlie's accusations.

Brakes, squealing to a stop, sent her flying outdoors. There wasn't another house within half a mile, so it had to be Charlie. He had come, she thought happily. When she saw the strange truck driver and felt the knifing disappointment, she knew that neither the house nor life mattered—if she only had Charlie.

"YOU Charlie's wife?" the burly driver touched his hat.

"Yes." She found herself smiling inanely at the stranger.

"Reckon you'll be glad to see these then."

He began unloading small, empty boxes from the truck.

"Charlie sent me along with some Hercules mahogany. Said you folks was about down to scratch when it came to furniture. Just lead the way, Mam, and I'll heft them into the house for you."

Why, he was nice, Ann marveled, not rough-spoken nor rude as she had expected.

"Charlie mentioned Hercules mahogany last night," she told him,

holding the warped door wide. "What did he mean?"

"Why, these here powder boxes." A slow grin spread across his blunt face as he met her puzzled expression. "These are powder boxes," he explained, "they used to pack dynamite. See what it says on the side?"

Examining the square, sturdy boxes with a new curiosity, Ann read the "Dangerous—High Explosives" warning. "Oh," she said, feeling stupid.

"There's them that prefers Atlas mahogany—that's another kind of blasting powder—but I've always leaned toward Hercules myself." His blue eyes twinkled as he continued his explanation. "These powder boxes make mighty fine furniture, Mam, so they picked up the Hercules mahogany name. Charlie and you can have yourselves quite an expansion without any trouble or expense at all."

"Wonderful," she replied flatly, still staring at the powder boxes.

The man smiled knowingly, as he let himself out. "Reckon you're just-married folks, aren't you, Mam?"

The quick words of denial caught in her throat as she called a "Thank you," after him and a surprising, "Come again."

Then Ann let herself go and had a real cry, not crying from frustration or anger, but from a sharp knowledge. "Just-married folks," the man had said, and he was right. It had been ten months since that beautiful ceremony. Ten long months. Still, in all that time she'd been daddy's little girl. But now, starting out on their own like this, she realized they were really married. With a room full of Hercules mahogany to arrange and a new home to make, she wasn't daddy's little girl any more—she was Charlie's *wife*.

* * * *

The Familiar Dark

Margery S. Stewart

The house is creakily settling itself
For the night, with a star or two caught
In its windows and the wind sighing against it,
While I go tiptoeing from room to room,
Straightening a cloth, putting away the broom,
Turning the lights out. I would like to sit
Here in the darkness listening to a lot
Of crickets gossiping, or the clock on the shelf,
But I am drawn upstairs to the narrow
Beds of my little ones, to stand listening
To their slow breathing and to touch
Uncovered shoulders. There is much
A woman gathers when the moon lies glistening
On the sills, things inviolate against harrow
Of years. These moments are a recompense.

Josef Muench

SNOW-CAPPED MOUNT TIMPANOGOS AND UTAH LAKE

Night

Grace Barker Wilson

The day has turned the sunset off,
And night, with slippered tread,
Comes in on carpets of the dark,
As stars bloom overhead.

The mountains still wear caps of light,
And robes of purple mist;
The mirror lake has gone to rest
With a goodnight moon-kissed.

A little wind stirs in the leaves;
Across the valleys wide
The homestead lights reflect the stars,
And night is glorified.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR ZINA D. H. YOUNG: On Tuesday, January 31st, Mrs. Zina D. H. Young the venerable and respected President of the Relief Society celebrated the anniversary of her 72nd birthday. The party was given by her daughters at the residence of Mrs. Phebe Young Beatie . . . . President Wilford Woodruff and wife were present and several members of the family of the late President Brigham Young . . . . Miss Maude May Babcock gave some of her characteristic recitals and quite astonished as well as delighted the company by her artistic character representations, and wonderful changes of voice and manner . . . . All enjoyed the feast of good things, also the enchanting music, and for our "Dear Aunt Zina" as she is lovingly designated, may she live until her soul is satisfied and always be as greatly honored and beloved in Israel as she is at the present time. —Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY IN A FOREIGN LAND (FAGOLII, UPOLU, SAMOA): On Christmas Day we sang and prayed in native; we held two native meetings, and then in the evening we held a meeting in English. At this meeting we sang "Tho' Deep'ning Trials Throng Your Way" and after prayer we sang "Glorious Things Are Sung of Zion." We each bore our testimony and closed by singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning." . . . when dinner was announced our tables were laden with boiled chicken with soup . . . . We also had plenty of native food in the shape of "Kalo" and "Palusami." . . . Our dusky guests were dressed up nicely in light wrappers . . . . The natives thought the tables were lovely, with their white covers and the shining dishes, and beautiful flowers on them . . . . After the dinner was over our native sisters insisted on doing up the dishes . . . . I will perhaps write again and tell you about the rats, lizards, bugs, etc. . . . —Sarah McMurrin Hilton

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

Thrice happy, he, who when his voyage o'er
Has life's best gifts and graces in his store.
Who, when our Master Owner calls "Return,"
Presents his ship well laden from stern to stern.

—E. A. Bennion

IN MEMORIAM—ELLEN WALTERS WINDER (Wife of Bishop John R. Winder): Sister Winder possessed, and as she advanced in years that same sublime faith grew stronger and more steadfast still . . . . She identified herself with the Relief Society of the 14th Ward (Salt Lake City) when it was organized, and was an active worker in all benevolent labors, never weary in well-doing . . . . She was a model wife, mother, and housekeeper; her home the place where she displayed those charming attributes of character that made it a paradise on earth to those with whom she was thus associated; her love of flowers constituted one of her chief pleasures, and her plants were the admiration of all who passed the house and the displays in her windows were a great attraction . . . . She was tender-hearted, gentle, conscientious and forgiving, a woman of many virtues and much goodness of heart, womanly in every respect, yet brave and strong when occasion called for action. —Julia Druce

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ELIZABETH KENNY, sixty-six, Australian nurse who discovered and developed a new treatment for infantile paralysis (hot packs and massage) died in November at Toowoomba, Queensland. Her interest in poliomyelitis began when Sister Kenny was a young nurse in the bush country of Australia, and continued throughout her life. She lived to see her methods of treatment recognized in nearly every country of the world.

ELENA, ex-queen of Italy, wife of Victor Emmanuel, died at the age of seventy-nine in Montpelier, France, in November 1952. A daughter of Nicholas, a Balkan chieftain, Elena spent her youth in the Black Mountain country, where she was known for her prowess in outdoor sports, and as an expert horsewoman.

JESSIE L. KNIGHT JORDAN died in October at the age of eighty-six. A widow since 1931, she was the wife of the eminent scientist and first president of Stanford University, David Starr Jordan. She was known to thousands of students as a gracious hostess and a true friend, and "Thursday Evenings" at her campus home became a Stanford institution. She shared her husband's keen interest and his untiring efforts for international peace.

MR. and MRS. PETER PETERSON, of Fairview, Utah, celebrated their seventy-fourth wedding anniversary in December 1952. They have 190 descendants.

IN the ancient Iroquois Indian tribes, women nominated, elected, advised, and often impeached the male chiefs. Voting power was held solely by the women, though they held no offices. They owned the homes—the "long" or apartment houses, and passed on their names and property by matriarchal order to the children.

WE extend congratulations to Anna C. Milne of Murray, Utah, who recently celebrated her 104th birthday, and to the following women whose recent birthdays have marked their near approach to being a century old: Ruth May Fox and Mrs. W. N. B. Shepherd, Salt Lake City, ninety-nine; Elizabeth Tate, Tooele, Utah, ninety-eight; Elizabeth Kingsbury Druce, Salt Lake City, ninety-seven; Hilda Erickson, Grantsville, Utah, and Agnes Dunlop, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Anna A. Empey, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; and Janet Buchanan Evans, Sarah Louella Hansen Hardy, Catherine Beckstead Holt, Mary Hawkins Wright, and Sophia Shimmin Andersen, Salt Lake City, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 FEBRUARY 1953 NO. 2

"Whosoever Will Be Great Among You"

". . . whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant" (Matthew 20:26-27).

NOW, in the month of February, when we remember with ever-increasing gratitude, the birthdays of great men whose words of faith and wisdom and whose deeds of magnitude and compassion have gone far beyond our borders to influence the destiny of the world—at this time it is well to consider the qualities of greatness in men. It is well for us to understand why some men may justifiably be called great and noble.

It has been said that history is but the lengthened shadow of great men. However, it may also be inferred that the deeds of some men who have greatly influenced the course of world events have cast darkened shadows across the earth, and have left behind them a path of destruction, of broken dreams, of abandoned faith, and shattered hopes. Not every man who has wielded power among his brothers may rightfully be called great, however vast the shadow that he casts upon the land.

What, then, are some of the qualities of authentic greatness, the attributes which enhance the stature of men and lift them and their brothers to more lofty ideals and more lasting accomplishments?

Though all men are born equal before the law and before God, all are not of equal physical strength or mental power; all are not placed in equally favorable environments. To some extent, every life is beset by accidents and influenced somewhat by chance. Yet, in any time or place, the great man requires of himself the utmost effort to make the best of his circumstances, to widen the borders of his little world, to rise as tall as innate capabilities and the vista of his surroundings will permit. He does not regret unduly that he may not have been blessed with all the tools of accomplishment perhaps more lavishly bestowed upon another, but he takes the abilities and the insight and the ideals which he has and which he can develop, and makes his own house of life. And who shall say, except our Heavenly Father, in the day of final judgment, who has been the most faithful builder, he whose final accomplishment is greatest, or he who has risen from the most forbidding circumstance?

It would seem, if we scan the pages of history, that men of achievement have walked their earthly paths guided by a great purpose to which they have dedicated themselves, and the more this ideal transcends personal ambition and enters into the sphere of the welfare of mankind, the greater has been the uplifting influence of the individual.

It was the hope of Washington

to see his countrymen united under a Government to which the wise and liberty-loving of the earth might repair. It was the high resolve of Abraham Lincoln to preserve the Union of the states, and at the same time to give freedom to the slaves. And it is likely that neither Washington nor Lincoln, though they were different in their personalities and in their heritage—it is likely that neither desired the tremendous responsibility that leadership demands. Both men were cast by their innate greatness, their ideals, and their integrity, as well as by the demands of their times, into roles of supreme leadership. Also, they molded the character of their age, placing the welfare of the group above their individual advancement.

It is well, in considering the elements of greatness in men, to read again the words of the Bible which tell of the mother of Zebedee's children who came to Jesus, asking that her sons might be advanced in their positions with the Master. Jesus said unto her, "Ye know not what ye ask." Then he explained the order of the Father's kingdom—"... whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

—V. P. C.

* * * *

Birthday Greetings to President Amy Brown Lyman

February 7, 1953

It is a pleasure to Relief Society women throughout the Church to remember the birthday of our beloved President Amy Brown Lyman, and extend congratulations to her. It is the wish of all of us that the day may be filled with the happiness and satisfaction that come from a life of devoted service and rich accomplishment. Since the age of eleven, Sister Lyman has served in positions of leadership in the Church. Forty-four years ago she became a member of the general board of Relief Society. In 1913 she became general secretary, and in 1928 was appointed first counselor to President Louise Y. Robison. She was thus familiar with all phases of Relief Society work before she was appointed general president in 1940. Her five years in this position were marked by a rapid growth of the society and an enrichment of its program, including the observance of the Relief Society Centennial in 1942. Her breadth of understanding, enthusiastic leadership, and whole-hearted devotion to the society have endeared her to the sisters everywhere. All good wishes and much joy to our former President, and may the coming years be filled with the activities and the services which still give her pleasure and fulfillment.

A Party That's Different

Yvonne Child Hiss

NOTHING makes a child feel more like the belle of the ball than to have her friends exclaim after attending her birthday party, "That was the best party I ever went to!"

To be outstanding, a party should be different, and it can be, with a little planning.

The first and greatest requirement is a "theme," and all plans should be carried out under the one idea. I'm going to give you a list of themes and ideas to carry them out. These may inspire any number of original ideas of your own, once you see the ease of this method.

First, for the under-five age, try a circus theme. Have pictures of animals mounted around the walls. You may use these for a game, giving a prize to the one who can name the most animals correctly.

"Pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey" is a favorite game, and is nearly always included at every party, but it does get tiresome seeing the same old donkey. Why not try "Pin-the-ear-on-the-elephant," or "Pin-the-ball-on-the-clown's-hat"? Any hostess or obliging neighbor could draw a clown's head or an elephant, just as well as a donkey.

Try buying gummed stars and sticker pictures and letting the children stick them on their own clown party hats. It takes up time for one game, makes each hat individual, and children love to paste.

The tiniest tots never seem to win any of the games, so why not give them a chance, by giving a prize for the shortest, or youngest, or the one who weighs the least. It's fun to line up for measuring or climb on scales for weighing.

My favorite party trick, and one that is always a hit, is to bake a surprise right into each child's cupcake. I like to use cupcakes, as they are cuter to decorate and easier to serve. (You may bake a layer cake for the candle-blowing ceremony, then not cut it until evening when the grandparents and relatives come for their celebration.) I bake a charm in each cake, or a well-scrubbed penny. For a near-Christmas party, I bought some small silver jinglebells, tied a string on each one for a bracelet (do this with charms also), and baked it in the cupcake. The children were delighted and curious, when they shook the cake and could hear it rattle. It was the more exciting because all the strings were blue except one. It was red, and the one who got the red string on his bell won a prize. I promise you, they lost no time in eating their cupcakes!

One word of caution is needed for this trick though, use only metal charms, as plastic charms will melt in the baking. Also, wrap charms, bells, or pennies in waxed paper, then pour the batter around them and bake. The waxed paper keeps the dough off the prizes and they look clean and attractive when unwrapped.

For a circus cupcake, decorate with a peppermint stick candy pole, stand an animal cracker,

dipped in chocolate, at the base of the pole, and put a paper canopy on top. You can make a canopy yourself out of typing paper, or get paper-cone drinking cups, cut them off to the desired length, and decorate with stripes.

For a Thanksgiving theme, decorate cupcakes like a turkey, with fan-tail and turkey head. Give Pilgrim hats or an Indian headband with a feather, instead of party hats. Play "Pin-the-feather-on-the-Indian-bonnet," or "Pin-the-trigger-on-the-musket"!

FOR a spring party, decorate cupcakes like flowers, with chocolate wafer centers and frosting or gumdrop petals. Or, decorate them as a butterfly, with big paper wings, a gumdrop stick or orange stick body, and curled pipecleaner feelers.

For hats, make May baskets out of old cottage-cheese cartons covered with crepe paper. Give them a paper handle, some imitation grass, and a daisy sprouting out. They look pretty silly perched on a head, but that's the whole idea for party hats, and they are cute for older children.

For a February party, fold soldier hats out of newspaper (or crepe paper, if you prefer) and give each child a flag. Decorate cakes with cherries, hatchets, or flags.

You might want a Valentine theme. Make hats out of two large red hearts glued together around the outside edge and worn upside down, with the point of the heart up. Pierce each hat with a white paper arrow. This is an easy theme to carry out, with so many favors available in the stores, and many attractive ones that you can make.

For a snow theme, make a marshmallow snowman on the cupcake, give him a licorice stovepipe hat, and paint a face with cake coloring. For the children, make stovepipe hats, or snowball hats, covered with cotton, or blue hats with a white paper snowflake on them.

There are hundreds of possible themes and many variations on old games to fit in with your theme.

Swimming in August—Chewing gum diving board.

Fourth-of-July—Peppermint stick firecracker.

Autumn leaves—A gumdrop and pipecleaner elf, with an autumn-leaf tunic.

March wind—Paper pinwheels and kites.

Now, one last rule to remember. Give everybody a prize to take home. It's not a party unless each one has a present. Give whistles, horns, balloons, bubble pipes, pinwheels, flags—and, if you can't think of anything else, have a fish pond and give everybody something different. Your child deserves a party that's different!

Afterthought

Beulah Huish Sadleir

I one time thought, when days were hard and long,
That only rested throat made perfect song—
Until I heard a mother's weary sigh
Transposed into a soothing lullaby.

Trite, But True

Iris W. Schow

AFTER getting out of Madge's new red and tan convertible, Karen Moore lingered, holding the large box from Clarrell's Apparel absently, while everyone talked about the trip. Her short chestnut hair, gently waved at the very ends, made her slender face look a little rounder, she thought hopefully.

For, perhaps, the dozenth time the idea had been expressed by one girl or another. Karen said, "The main point is to have everybody picked up and be actually leaving town by five A.M."

"Sure thing!" agreed Shirley, bounding out of the back seat and moving up in front, followed by Jane Ann.

"I'm so thrilled," said Madge. "Not that I haven't already been to Yellowstone several times—but driving instead of going with the family, and deciding where to eat and stay all night! Won't it be special?"

Might as well say I've never been, thought Karen, her eager hazel eyes growing serious. Anyway, sooner or later I'd give it away by some remark.

"It's my first trip to Yellowstone," she said. "Well, I'll see you—before daylight."

She started for the house, their gay voices ringing after her.

"Will we ever keep you busy, seeing everything we point out!"

"See you before five!"

"Now, be ready! Be alerted!"

As they drove away Karen became aware of the box she carried. She hurried, hardly able to wait to show Mom and the little girls its contents, the cleverly tailored brown skirt, the lovely, long-sleeved gold blouse, and the cute little green weskit. She could use last year's sports jacket when it was chilly.

How lucky it was that her pal, Jane Ann, had that wonderful older sister Madge, who had been working long enough to own a beautiful new convertible! How lucky that Madge and Shirley were willing to have her and Jane Ann along! Lots of older girls wouldn't be.

"Mom, where are you?" Karen called, before discovering that she was alone in the house. She remembered then that her mother was doing her Relief Society visiting teaching. That responsibility, plus the cherry canning and Karen's preparations for the trip, had provided Mom's reason for leaving the washing until Tuesday.

Well, Mom would be home any minute. Meantime, Karen could finish packing and set the table.

Deciding to set the table first, she hurried to the breakfast nook. On the table was a little heap consisting of Joyce's blouse that needed the sleeves shortened to get rid of the worn elbows, a lunch cloth with the hem picked out far enough so that a frayed edge could be sewn under on the machine, and the top of the pajamas that Ray liked so well, with a patch pinned in place under the arm. They were

all folded neatly in a pile, of course, still they gave the room a cluttered effect.

Funny thing about Mom, she was such an efficient mother in most ways. Her canning was perfect, and she had the cleverest ideas for sewing and making over. But she was always laying out little piles of things, intending to mend them sometime during the day. If she stopped to think about it, she would know perfectly well she couldn't do it on a full day like this. Karen seized the sewing, started for Mom's chest of drawers, hesitated. Maybe she could run up this little bit herself before dinner. No, she positively wouldn't get time.

In the front bedroom she noticed Mom's print dress that needed taking up in the shoulders, spread out on the bed. Mom knew it would have to have the collar taken off and the top of the sleeves undone to get to the shoulder seams. Then someone must help her fit it, to do a really good job. There was no point in getting it out today and pinning it to see how it would look. Karen put it away and hurried to the kitchen.

On the counter were the quarts of rosy cherries they had canned that morning, cool now and ready to store. They looked grand. But there lay a dish towel, with a streak of gravy across it . . . . Mom had forgotten to use the potholders again. Karen dropped the towel into the laundry chute and started for her room with her purchases.

JUST then the telephone rang imperatively.

"Hello, Moore's?" asked a man's voice urgently. "Karen? This is Joe Reed. My boy Joey and your brother Bert have had an accident, riding Joey's motor scoot. They're both in the hospital. Now, Bert is going to be all right, but they are sure he has a broken pelvis, and one wrist is broken, too. I've tried to get your house, and then your father at the store, but the line was busy, so I tried the house again. You'd better get your mother and bring her over."

"Thanks, Mr. Reed," said Karen. "She's out visiting teaching, but I'll locate her." She tried to get control of her shaking hands and weakened knees. "How about Joey?" she asked as an afterthought.

"He isn't hurt as seriously as Bert, but he's pretty battered up," stated Mr. Reed. "Well, we'll see you."

Poor, poor Bert! What a shock for an eleven-year-old boy, Karen thought. Maybe Mom was coming. She dashed out to the sidewalk to look. No one was in sight on the shady street. She started for the house. What should she do? Call some of the homes in Mom's district? She would just look again. And sure enough, there was Mom coming around the corner, looking neat and brisk, unaware of the trouble she must face in a few minutes. Karen hurried to meet her.

The next few hours brought Karen a series of vivid impressions: Mom's alarmed face paling as Karen talked to her, the two-block dash to the hospital, calling Daddy, Bert's pain-widened eyes.

It was well into the evening before Karen noticed her box from

the store by the telephone, and remembered her packing. The trip was out of the question now. Bert would want and need Mom at his bedside much of the time for the next few days. Someone must get fifteen-year-old Ray off to pick cherries, prepare meals, and look after Joyce and Nancy, who were only seven and four. Oh, well, she wouldn't want to be away from home with one of the family in such a serious condition, anyway.

She talked to Jane Ann and Madge on the telephone. "I hate to drop out," she told Madge. "I know you've all been counting on four to pay the expenses."

"Think nothing of it," said Madge. "It won't be much extra. Probably we can get a roll-away bed put in the room, and all stay together nights. We'd wait for you," she added, "but with all the scheming it took to make our vacations overlap for a week, I don't think we could all four get together again this summer."

"Well, have fun for me, too," said Karen, keeping back her tears with an effort.

NEXT morning Karen had an early breakfast ready for Ray.

"I'm going to tackle the washing today," she announced. "I'll get it sorted now."

"I'll stay home a few hours and help you," offered Ray, his mild blue eyes looking kind like their father's. "There's too much lifting connected with running that old washer of ours."

"Oh, I can manage," protested Karen.

But their father said, "Good idea, Ray. Karen hasn't had much experience being responsible for the whole washing, and our equipment isn't first class."

The sorting was easy in general, though a few items almost defied classification. Then Karen measured the soap and left Ray to fill the washer, while she went up to the kitchen to make starch.

"Does the pile where the white shirts are go in first?" he called up the stairs.

"Sure thing!" she replied.

A few minutes later he was shouting urgently, "Better come down, Sis! I've made a real boner!"

There were the best white clothes in the suds, while Ray was picking up the dolly from a near-by tub.

"Is there any way to get this thing on without taking out all the clothes?" he asked.

Karen began to laugh. Then they both giggled until it was a slow process wringing out the unwashed clothing.

When, at last, the washing was under way, Karen hurried back upstairs, to be met by Joyce, who held Mom's little ornamental lamb in one hand and in the other its leg, which had been snapped off. Nancy trailed dismally after her.

"Nancy climbed up and took it off the bookcase," said Joyce, adding appealingly, "but she might not have broken it, if I hadn't come in. When she saw me, she hurried so fast to put it back, she knocked it right over."

"I just wanted to love it," said Nancy.

"Well, you just musn't love Mom's little ornaments," asserted Karen, testing how the leg looked fitted back in place. "But maybe

I can glue it back on." She laid the pieces inside the cupboard.

NEXT day, after getting everyone off to work or out to play and tidying the house, Karen freshened her own appearance and started on the ironing. She really had everything under control today, she thought. She was going to be all right at running the house.

As she ironed, Karen found that the stitching of one cuff placket of Daddy's best shirt was undone. She could mend that best by turning under the edges carefully by hand, she decided. She laid the folded shirt at the end of the counter farthest from the cooking. Ray's shirt, with a button missing, was laid aside also.

Then she discovered that part of the ruffle on Nancy's dress was loose, and one of Mom's aprons had a string nearly off. These she took to the sewing machine in Mom's bedroom. She could save time by doing such bits of mending before putting things away.

When Karen looked at her watch it was fifteen to twelve. She had forgotten about lunch. By calling Joyce to set the table, and choosing foods which took no preparation, she had lunch nearly ready when Daddy brought Mom home.

It was almost two before Karen returned to the ironing. She must hurry and finish. Then she could rest while she mended, before cooking dinner. The ironing went on and on. The two little girls certainly did use a lot of play suits and pinafores, mostly ruffle-trimmed. The number of shirts seemed high, too. Through at last, she hurried to put away everything that needed no mending.

Karen sat down at the sewing machine and repaired several pieces. This was really a restful change after standing or racing around all afternoon. Then she glanced at her watch, and hurried to the kitchen to start dinner. When you had everything to do in the home, those meals kept interrupting until you simply couldn't get ahead!

With the carrots and potatoes started, she might be able to sew buttons on some of the things on the counter while she watched the meat, Karen thought.

"You forgot all day to look in the mailbox," called Joyce from the living room. "Isn't that funny? There's a lot of mail, too."

Karen dashed in to see it, brushing back her damp hair from her perspiring forehead. She certainly looked untidy, she thought, as she passed the mirror.

Jane Ann and the others had sent one of those postcards where you choose and check your messages. It was actually from all three. The key on the back explained that red pencil was Jane Ann's, while Shirley had checked in ink, and Madge in ordinary pencil. They all had marked, "Wish you were here," and several items they had added, "Wardrobes reasonably adequate," "Too much talk at bedtime," and the like. Jane Ann had checked practically everything. It was so clever!

THE odor of burning meat sent Karen scurrying for the kitchen. She turned off the unit, put out her hand to move the pan, saw

(Continued on page 143)

"Wings of the Morning"

Ruth Young

"IF I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea . . . ." Oh, how this beautiful verse haunted me all down through the years of my life!

It all began way back when I was a small child, a strange, lonely little girl getting my happiness mostly through a vivid imagination. Every summer I would stay with my dear grandmother. She lived on a large farm down on the river bottoms.

How I loved her! She didn't preach—but she did teach me the Bible. And it became wonderfully alive to me. There was a hill on the farm which I named Mount Ararat. How often I have spent countless hours searching for decayed bits of wood which might have been pieces of Noah's ark. There were David's "green pastures" and the "still waters." The "valley of the shadow of death" was the old orchard, which was the favorite resting ground of the big buck sheep.

Of course, the River Jordan really flowed through the entire length of the farm. In one spot I could wade across it to an enchanting island which, to me, was the promised land. In the center of a green, green meadow, grew a gnarled hawberry tree. There were white rocks there, too, and grandma's sheep would lie in the shade of that tree. Sometimes, if I looked quickly enough, I could *almost* imagine Jesus seated upon a stone. I had a picture in my Bible of just such a scene!

Each evening when the shadows grew long, grandma and I would go on our pilgrimage to find firewood. It was sagebrush we gathered in our aprons.

Blackbirds built their nests in a huge sagebrush—and, of course, I knew where each one was located. I would stand tiptoe and reach my finger into the nest to feel that delicious sensation of a baby bird's wide-open mouth. I watched the mother bird dive and fly close to my head. But she didn't need to fear—I loved her babies almost as much as she loved them.

It was on just such an occasion when my little grandmother first spoke those beautiful words: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea." I loved them instantly!

But the years went by, and grandmother was laid to rest in the old cemetery just over the hill—and my bit of heaven was sold.

I grew up and married and began to rear a family. Still that bit of verse stayed with me. Yet I couldn't remember more than the first two lines. I was sure it was from the Bible, but I never could find just where. How I longed to know the rest of it! I asked many people who, I thought, should have known, but none of them had even heard of my "wings of the morning."

ONCE, a missionary friend told me that it sounded as if it might be from Isaiah. So I read the book of Isaiah. Those lovely lines were not there. Then I read

Job and the Song of Solomon, and more and more of the Bible.

Years went by, and still I could not find "the wings of the morning." Yet, whenever I saw a beautiful bird take wing and soar high into the sky, the words came to me again.

One morning, as I was washing the dishes, I turned on my kitchen radio. Someone was saying, "If I take the wings of the morning . . . ."

I held my breath and began listening in earnest. Yet, alas, the lines were not finished, and the speaker did not give the reference. However, I was sure that it *must* be somewhere in the Bible. So back to studying I went! I found some very beautiful, inspiring verses, but never "the wings of the morning." Still I searched—and asked—and searched still more.

Then, only yesterday, I went to the library, as usual, to borrow more books. I got a book for each member of our family, including my three-year-old. I found a beautiful little book named *Small Rain* for her. It had Bible verses and pictures of children acting them out. And there were the lines, my *"wings of the morning"!* The picture above the lovely words showed a white bird circling up over the ocean.

Hurriedly I looked at the small print. It read Psalms 139:9-10. At home, I picked up my much-thumbed Bible—and turned to Psalm 139, and there it was—my dearly beloved verse in its entirety!

If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

George Washington

Christie Lund Coles

I think of him alone at Valley Forge,
With but a few
Seeing the dream he saw,
Knowing the faith he knew;

With hundreds willing to turn back,
To admit defeat
Rather than stumble on
With bleeding feet;

He could not comprehend their fear,
Knowing no doubt,
Knowing no fear himself;
Looking about

Toward a land where bondage reigned,
He knew his course,
And hunger, cold, and death
Were but a source

Of proof of the path that he must go
To make men free.
His choice that hour meant
Our destiny.

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Alberta H. Christensen)

AMERICAN PRESSED GLASS TABLEWARE—THOUSAND EYE PATTERN

Adventure in Glass

VII. Old Glass In New Houses

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

Today and yesterday become as one;
Within the home, each plays a part,
Where prudence guides the thrifty hand
And wisdom activates the heart.

CINDERELLA, we read, had slippers made of glass. Were she here today she might carry a bouquet of crystal flowers, have her veil and wedding gown fashioned from the sheerest fabric of spun glass; and she might live in a house whose sliding doors and enormous windows would make it seem literally a house of glass.

Today, we are glass-conscious, not only of the multiple uses of modern glass, but we are newly aware of the charm of old glass.

Only a few of us can possess the rare and precious glass of past centuries, but most of us have inherited one or more pieces of American ware of a somewhat earlier period. If we have not, collecting a few pieces can be intriguing, for there is a chance of discovering them almost anywhere. Interesting items can be found in the most unexpected places. One of my most prized glass objects was rescued by a friend from an ash can. There are still lovely glass articles gathering dust in cellar cupboards, attics, and on the top shelves of pantries. They should not be there; they should be brought into the sunlight where they may be enjoyed by families and friends.

Victorian Glass

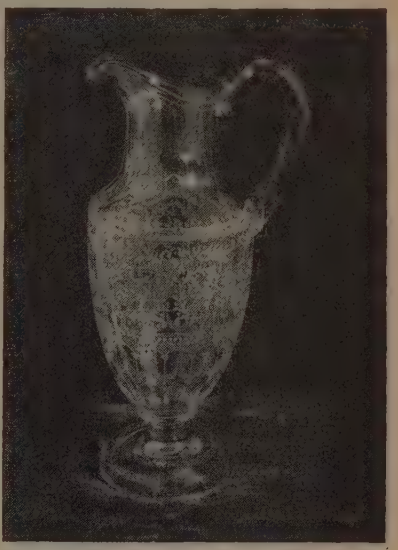
The most easily collected glass items are those of the Victorian era, because glass was produced so extensively during that period and distribution was so wide that much is still available. For the same reasons, the glass which we have inherited most frequently represents those years. The term Victorian does not indicate a distinct styles such as Chippendale or Sheraton, but, as used here, refers to those varied objects, replete with color and decoration, produced between the years 1830 and 1890. Although thousands of exquisite pieces were both blown and pressed during these years, the so-called "Victorian Glasses," considered collectively, are in contrast to the fine simplicity and proportion of earlier periods.

What We Have Inherited

Occasionally a family may own a handblown article of great value, such as the handblown, expertly engraved pitcher illustrated at the right, but what most of us have received as a legacy from our forebears are such items as an old spill holder, pressed salts, Victorian "art glass" vases, a whimsey or two, or a few pieces from a setting of pattern glass tableware.

Spill holders, sometimes called spill boxes or spill pots, were made in the day of the whale-oil lamp and the candlestick. They held the spills, made of paper or wood, which were used as a substitute for matches. These holders were often thick, heavy affairs, with short stems, and were the foreruners of the spoon holder.

"Whimsies" is a term used by glass collectors to designate those odd, unusual pieces, generally the work of individual blowers, outside the regular commercial output of the factory. In this class come such objects as canes, rolling pins, small and oddly shaped hats, buttonhooks, children's toys, and miniature dishes. Interesting money banks, fantastically trimmed with hand-tooled birds, represent the kind of plaything skilled blowers



Hal Rumel

BOHEMIAN GLASS PITCHER
One Hundred Years Old

This unique and exquisite pitcher, about eighteen inches tall, is owned by Mrs. Olga Miller, daughter of Josephine Komarkova, former president of the Prague (Czechoslovakia) Relief Society. The initials on the pitcher, not visible in the photograph, are H. G., representing the name of Mrs. Komarkova's father, Hubert Glossauer, to whom the pitcher was given upon his retirement as an official in the Austrian government.

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp and Alberta H. Christensen)

VARIED GROUP OF AMERICAN PATTERN GLASS

Front row, left to right: Covered Hobnail butter dish; Thumbprint toothpick holder; Small Daisy and Button fruit dish; Argus footed saucer; panelled Daisy and Button berry bowl.

Back row, left to right: Shell and Tassel sugar bowl (cover missing); Westward Ho covered compote; Maple Leaf platter; Garfield Drape water pitcher.

liked to create after working hours. Ointment and pomade jars, cologne and scent bottles, toothpick holders, and small baskets have also often survived the years.

Paper weights (millifiori) were produced in interesting variety, and are sometimes found in our homes. Salts (small, open salt dishes) were manufactured extensively, and offer a greater variety in design and color than most Victorian collectables. Since nearly every President and Vice-president of the United States was in some way memorialized upon our glass, nearly every occupant of the White House has used a "salt" named for himself. Many interesting salts have been handed down through families.

Types of Victorian "Art Glass"

The following brief descriptions of some of the Victorian "art glasses" may be helpful in identifying our old family pieces.

Satin glass, as mother-of-pearl is popularly called today, has a soft satin-like surface, produced by subjecting the completed article to an acid vapor. Most satin glass wares have a lining of white glass, while the outside coating is colored.

A gradual shading of one color into another is to be found on several "art glasses" of this period. Peachblow, made by the New England Glass Company, is one of the most popular. It has a satin finish, and shades from warm white to deep rose.

Agata, a variation of peachblow, has a shiny but mottled surface. *Amberina* shades from pale amber or yellow to rich ruby red. *Burmese* shades from pale green-yellow to delicate pink. *Pomona* glass was blown from clear metal, but was

treated with etching, tinting, or staining. The stain is of straw color, with leaf designs in deeper straw color. There were occasional garlands of flowers in pale blue.

Vasa Murrhina has a variegated effect produced by coating the glass with particles of metal in various colors. Vases and baskets with large applied flowers are often found in this ware.

Striped glass, reminding one of candy canes, similar to the Venetian ware, was a speciality at Sandwich. Canes or ribbons of glass were rolled into the body of the metal, which was then expanded by blowing, to give a striped effect. Should you possess a piece of this glass, made by Nicholas Lutz of the Sandwich works, who was trained in Lorraine, France, treasure it.

Tortoise shell was an experimental glass that looks like shell. *Hobnail,* popular in the 1880's, was originally called dewdrop or opalescent dewdrop. It has small raised spheres on its surface and it is very familiar today, because it is reproduced so extensively that even our novelty stores carry it.

Custard glass derives its name from its custard-like color. It is opaque and of a creamy, almost lemon shade of yellow, usually ornately decorated with gold or dark green.

Marble glass (purple slag), originally called mosaic, is an opaque glass, where white and purple are mixed, resembling a marble cake

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, and Mary Louise Richards)

VARIED GROUP OF AMERICAN PRESSED PATTERN GLASS

Front row, left to right: Wildflower goblet; Bellflower goblet; Strawberry and Currant goblet; Daisy and Button celery vase; Thousand Eye goblet; Panelled Thistle goblet; Loop and Fan goblet.

Back row, left to right: Thousand Eye open compote (pale blue); Ribbon spoon holder; Honeycomb decanter; Honeycomb celery vase; Thousand Eye matching compote.

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp)

GROUP OF MILK WHITE GLASS

batter. Objects of this ware are sometimes wrongfully called "end-of-the-day" pieces.

The making of *Cameo* glass is an ancient craft, the famous Barberini vase, with its white figures in relief, being the most well known. It was copied in 1790 in the jasper ware of Josiah Wedgwood. For many centuries after the decline of the Roman Empire, no cameo glass was made in Europe, but by the 1850's both European and American glasshouses were making a near approach to it in the beautiful "Case" or overlay glass. Here an outside layer of colored glass is cut away, leaving a pattern of clear glass underneath.

Milk glass, also called opal or opalescent glass, is an opaque glass made extensively during the Victorian period, and is still a very popular ware. Originally, the only true milk glass was milk-white, but in recent years the various opaque glass pieces in blue, green, and black have been called *blue milk glass, green milk glass*, etc. *Caramel glass*, purple slag, and custard glass are close kinsfolk to the milk glass family, but are still called by their more descriptive names.

Pattern Glass

We recall that in the 1840's the trend toward complete table settings in a given pattern resulted in the production of quantities of pressed tableware known as pattern glass. Much of this was made of fine, resonant flint metal attractively designed. The later sets, made of inferior and cheaper metal, were and are, of course, less desirable.

Lacy glass (described in article V), with its tiny, stippled and elaborate, but low-relief patterns, was dependent upon a brilliant silvery sheen for its attractiveness. The new and less expensive designs used for the pressed tableware that followed were, at first, rather simple.

They were composed largely of geometric motifs, such as flutes, loops, thumbprints, and diamonds. Later, the trend in design was toward more elaborate and naturalistic patterns, using floral, fruit, and leaf motifs.

The *Ashburton* pattern was probably the first one to be made in complete sets. The *Bell Flower*, *Horn of Plenty*, *Ribbed Palm*, and *Thumbprint* were also early favorites. Other popular patterns were: the *Tree of Life*, *Lincoln Drape*, *Westward Ho*, *Morning Glory*, *Roman Rosette*, *Princess Feather*, *Moon and Star*, *Jewel and Teardrop*, *Panelled Grape*, and *Honeycomb*. As the population grew and wealth increased, new patterns and variants came into being. Over three hundred patterns of pressed tableware have been listed, described, and illustrated, these being those in which complete or partial table sets can be assembled. Some designs were made exclusively by one or two glasshouses, but, more often, manufacturers copied patterns which gave promise of becoming good sellers.

Pitchers, large and small, are among the most interesting of pattern glass items to be found. Literally hundreds of patterns and types are still extant. A sugar bowl may be the only article of a table setting to survive. These bowls, with their deeply pressed designs and interesting knobs or finials on the covers, may be effectively used in room or table decoration.

During the 1870's and 1880's the vogue for colored ware developed, to which we owe those designs so eagerly sought by collectors today. Among them are *Wildflower*, *Cathedral*, and *Thousand Eye*. It was through a little pale blue dish of *Thousand Eye* pattern that I first became interested in old glass. A handbook of early American glass

Hal Rumel
(Courtesy Christine H. Robinson, Marianne C. Sharp, and Alberta H. Christensen)

GROUP OF AMERICAN PATTERN GLASS

Left to right: Hobnail berry bowl, with fan top; Tree of Life group, with open compote on high standard; Jewel and Teardrop sauce dish; Shell and Tassel small fruit dish; Double Loop Celery Vase.

Drawings by Elizabeth Williams

PRESSED GLASS CUP PLATES

Sandwich Star design; Fan and Cross-cut; Rosette and Star.

patterns is interesting and helpful in identifying the pieces you may own.

Many of these patterns are being reproduced today. If you are interested in adding to your present pieces, and want them to be authentically old, care must be taken in purchasing. Some authorities on old glass are printing lists of reproduced patterns for the benefit of the lovers of the old ware. However, if you are interested in pattern only, then you will find it an easy matter to purchase matching pieces for some patterns in clear and colored glass in department stores and gift shops.

Milk glass is very popular today and can be effectively used in almost any home. The Westmoreland Glass Company, in operation since 1889, produces an excellent quality of milk glass and has indicated its intention to mark its current production so that the new ware may be easily identified. The J. E. Kemple makers of modern milk glass have collected and are using over a hundred of the original pattern molds and, therefore, do not class their ware as reproductions.

More and more, we are returning to the past, reclaiming beauty from an earlier day to give sentiment and atmosphere to our homes. Old glass, used with discretion, can be effective even in very modern settings. Colored glass articles can be used to give color emphasis by contrast or by adding an additional touch of color. If you have a *Daisy and Button* berry dish, one of the most common designs, and do not wish to add other pieces of the pattern, try using it as a table centerpiece. Old celery vases and spoon holders make very attractive flower containers. Some women enjoy using goblets of varied designs, so collect others of the same height, regardless of design. Others collect for color only. Arrange a few pieces of your glass upon a window shelf where sunlight may enhance their sparkling color or design.

The wise homemaker of today will not discard the past. She will

cherish its wisdom, preserve its worthwhile traditions, and utilize its beauty, whether it be in the form of seasoned wood, fine porcelain, or lovely old glass.

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Drawings by Elizabeth Williams

PRESSED GLASS SALT DISHES

Left to right: Strawberry Diamond with Scallop; Diamond Star and Scroll; Gothic Arch.

* * * *

Old Couple

Grace Sayre

She was old and so was he,
Plainly clothed and humble,
But he guarded her with greatest care,
Fearful lest she stumble.
The love he gave with every look
Was beautiful as a picture book.

A Time to Forget

Chapter 8

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who had lost her fiance in the war, goes to live on a walnut farm which she inherited from her cousin Harriett Lester. There she meets Jeff Landeau, a widower who owns the adjoining acres, and who helps her in running her farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, also assists in the work, and Serena is impressed by his wholesome and buoyant attitude towards life. Serena also makes friends with young David, Jeff's son, and, after the first harvest, she feels at home in the San Vicente Valley. Soon after Christmas Serena and Jeff are married, but, upon their return from a honeymoon in Mexico, they find that Delia, who is a cousin to Jeff's first wife, has persuaded David to stay with her instead of going to live with Jeff and Serena. Serena tries to persuade David to change his mind and go home with them.

"THIS is the room my mother made for me. I have to stay in it, just like it is." His voice had a sad finality.

Serena could see only the outlines of the furniture, yet she could see it as clearly as if it had been illuminated by a rocket. There were the nursery pictures on the pastel walls, Jack and Jill and the three pigs. The low cream-colored chest and bed were gay with nursery decals. And the white organdy curtains were ruffled in baby blue.

"It's a beautiful room, David. I know how happy your mother was when she made it for you. But do you know how old you were when she finished it?"

"No, I don't." He said it as if it were an entirely new idea.

"You were a tiny baby, just three months old when she was able to put up the blue ruffled curtains. She had waited to see if you would be a boy or a girl."

She gave his hand a little squeeze. "I think if she were alive now, she would change this room to fit a big boy, don't you?"

"I guess she would at that." He let out a long sigh of relief.

"What kind of a room would you like, David, if you could plan your own room?"

The dark waters were receding now and the ground under Serena's struggling feet would soon be solid.

"If I could plan my own room?" He toyed with the idea, pleased. "Well, the first thing I'd like would be a bunk bed, two bunk beds, so I could have friends stay with me overnight."

"Go on, David, go on."

"And I'd like a little desk, where I could write and put my things." He was excited now. "I'd like a secret drawer, one with a key. And I'd like a big closet with a sliding door, big enough to put everything away."

"I think I know what you mean, David." She let the excitement in her voice match his. "You'd like a big room with lots of built-in furniture." She sat upright beside him. "That's just the kind of room we want in the new wing. You can help me plan it."

"Oh, boy!" he cried happily, then he became strangely silent.

"What is it, David?" Her voice was gentle.

"Delia said," he began, shame in his voice, then hesitation, "she said you didn't want me to have a room near you—that was why you were building the new place."

"What a funny Delia!" She laughed as if it were a good joke. "Delia just doesn't understand families, does she? We want you to have a room that is fitted for you, and it's much easier to start from new than to change an old one." Reaching, she took David's hand and pressed it between hers. So much depended on how she made the next step.

"OF course, until the room is built, you'll have to get along with the room across the hall from ours. It will look more like you when we move your things. You won't mind waiting in it for a few months, will you?"

"Oh, sure not." He was positive.

"And there's another reason why your room should be in the new wing with the guest room and a room for Luis. Do you think you could keep it to yourself if I told you the reason?" She waited for his quick nod. "Your father and I want you to have brothers and sisters. You'd like brothers and sisters, wouldn't you?"

"Would I? Oh, boy!" He was exultant. "I've always wanted a brother or a sister."

"That's why we must save a room next to ours, a baby has to be close, you know."

With a contented sigh, David lay back on the pillow.

Just one more step and the ground might be forever firm. "Did Delia say anything else I ought to know?" She asked the question with finality.

"Not much, I guess." He was concentrating in the dark. After a few uneasy wriggles, he sat up. "I'm sorry now, but when Dad came to get me today, and you weren't with him, I thought that everything Delia had said was true. I decided not to like you any more."

"Oh, David!" She kissed him on the cheek, her tears mingling with his. "I was so foolish. I thought you'd want to see your father alone —I made him go without me. After this we'll always listen to what he says, won't we? Now, is there anything else?" She stood up, ready to turn on the light.

David made his final confession. "You only wrote to me two or three times, and I wanted you to write to me every day like Dad did."

Serena laughed contritely. "I'll have to tell you my secret. I wanted to write every day. Sometimes it was hard to keep from writing, and I made your father sit down and write for me. The things I wanted to tell you, I thought you would rather hear from him."

"I liked your letters best."

Serena hugged David impulsively. "In every town we went I bought you something. I wanted you there to enjoy it with us."

"Someday we'll go together." He spoke as a man of decision.

"That's a promise. Are you ready to come home now?"

HE slipped out of bed. "If you'll turn on the light by the door, I'll get dressed."

"I'm going to bathe our eyes," she said after she had pressed the light button. "We don't want them to know we've been crying." At the bathroom door she hesitated. "These things you've told me . . . about Delia—we're going to forget them, aren't we? I'm sure she didn't want to make us unhappy. She was just lonely."

"I'll be glad to forget them." He grinned at her. "You won't tell Dad all the things I've said? He'll think I should know better and be angry with me."

"Most of it is our secret." She wiped his eyes with a wet cloth. "I'll have to tell him just enough for him to understand what happened tonight. Don't dress," she stopped him. "Put on your slippers and robe. I'll bring your school clothes for tomorrow."

Waiting at the foot of the stairs was Jeff. His look said they had been a long time, but he would be patient for a while longer. Behind him in the living room Delia was still bent over her knitting, a look of strain on her face. When she saw David in his blue and white striped robe, holding his shoes, the strain turned to a look of relief.

David hesitated before Delia. He looked at her, his blue eyes deep and incalculable. "I'll be seeing you every day," he said, ". . . that is every day I possibly can." He added this with a child's regard for utter truth. He turned to his father with a smile so winsome that Jeff swept him up into his arms.

At the door, Serena, in the rear, turned to Delia, "Come over the first thing in the morning, won't you? I'm unpacking then and I'm longing to show you our things."

Delia came to the door. "You're a good woman, Serena Landeau," she said in her thin, dry voice.

To Serena's amazement Delia leaned forward and gave her a cool little peck on the cheek.

Serena's heart turned over. Why it was an apology, signed, sealed, and delivered.

ON the big mahogany bed in the former guest room, David's charro suit was spread in all its gaudy splendor. The soft suede trousers and short jacket were fancy with braid and silver coins. There were small silver spurs. Silver jingled as Serena lifted up the boy-sized sombrero. Fancy stitched boots and a red ribbon for a tie made the costume complete.

David's eyes were wild with delight. "It's all mine?" he asked, his excitement mounting. "What an outfit!" He stroked the soft suede with an appreciative hand.

Towering over him, Jeff laughed. He pulled Serena toward him, ready to leave, but she lingered.

"See," she said, and held up a small white fluff of a dog. "I found him under your bed at Delia's house. Do you want him?"

Pure joy shone in David's eyes. "It's Cream Puff." Clutching the small toy, he lay back, tired and contented. "Good night," he said softly. He pulled Serena's head down close to his. His face, pressed against hers, had the velvety softness of childhood. "Good night, *Mother*," he whispered.

Serena felt bathed in happiness. All at once she was tired and relaxed and she let herself go in a

luxurious yawn. "Good night, Son," she whispered, and turned off the light.

* * * *

THE day of the San Vicente Circle in early April Delia was low with a cold. "I wanted to be the first to introduce you to our Circle." Her voice over the telephone was a disappointed croak. "Now you'll have to go with Myra Hale."

"I'll wait until next month. It doesn't matter about today," Serena consoled her.

"Indeed it does matter!" Delia's indignation was loud. "All the ladies are anxious to see you. And you simply can't disappoint Constance and Martha Bates."

Serena's laughter was bright as the morning. "If it's that important I'll be there," she promised.

"I hate to go," she confessed to Jeff, who still lingered at the table though David had been gone half an hour and the workmen's hammers were competing with the birds. "They will be so curious."

Jeff pushed back a brown curl on her forehead. "They," he teased, "are only a group of farmers' wives, all envious of you because you are a bride and young and beautiful."

A wrinkle came between her eyes. "Don't laugh, but it's the oldtimers, the forty-niner's progeny who have lived in the same houses all their lives—they may not approve of me."

Jeff's fine blue eyes twinkled. "I see no concern there. With few exceptions, the group is quite mature. I think you can hold your own with them."

"I want advice, not nonsense." Her fingers curled over his hand. "You know some of them are going to resent me."

"Be yourself." He pressed his cheek against hers in a farewell gesture. At the kitchen door, he hesitated. "You have to meet them sometime. Do it on the wholesale, and it will be over." He came back into the room. "The Bates sisters are grand old girls, pushing ninety. Except for a married niece, they're the last of their direct line. When they open their house to the Circle, which their Boston mother founded, it's a great event.

"You'll hear them called Miss Constance and Miss Martha, but remember that Miss Constance is Mrs. Chadwick. She was married for a few weeks some seventy years ago—her husband was killed in some accident right after they were married, and she's been lording it over Miss Martha ever since."

"What should I know about Miss Martha?" Serena asked.

"Miss Martha is younger, by a year. She taught the village school for three decades and is the strong pillar of the family despite her inferior state." He rose, putting on his broad-brimmed felt hat. "They're the first ladies of Meadtown, and you will be right at home with them."

At the door he hesitated again, his face newly serious. "I guess I'd better brief you on Alice McKellar. She's sure to be there. I should have taken you calling." His voice was contrite. "She was a great friend of the Henleys. I want you to be especially nice to her. She didn't come to the wed-

ding, I don't know why. She's a bit on the erratic side, but she's been a good friend to me and she's one of the old-timers here, along with the Bates family. Bye now." He closed the door. It was barely shut before he opened it again.

"I'm as hard to get rid of as an unwelcome guest, but there's just one more thing on my mind. It's not for today, just sometime when you feel the time is ripe. Find out what blows with David and the boy scouts?"

"He's not eligible until next fall, is he?" Serena asked. It wasn't like Jeff to worry about a thing so far into the future.

"He gets out of the cubs this spring, and I want him to start scouting this fall. Yesterday I heard him and Johnny Talbot talking in the barn. Something's up. They said they weren't going into the scouts."

This time the door stayed closed.

A ripple of elation went through Serena. Jeff trusted her in relation to David. In the short years before Jim's death she had expected much of life and received all she asked and more. Then came the dark years when she began to wonder if she even cared to ask for bounties. Now life was showering her with gifts as if to atone for the shadowed period. Singing, she went about her housework. Fall was a long time off; she would have plenty of time to talk with David. Too bad Luis couldn't help her today, but he was washing Delia's neglected dishes and getting her garden ready for planting.

Today she must be smartly, but quietly dressed. Carefully, she chose a soft gray woolen dress with a swirling skirt of tiny pleats. She wore with it a silver-studded belt and her silver accessories and a vivid orange scarf that brought out the warmth of her hair and eyes. In spite of the bright sun, a cold wind was blowing, and she threw her gray Persian lamb jacket over her shoulders. It was given her by her father her last year in college. Just before the wedding it had been restyled.

When she arrived at the Hale home, her friend looked at her approvingly. "You look like a bride ought to look," Mrs. Hale said. "The rest of us will look mighty plain and old."

"Suppose they turn thumbs down on me?" She was in Mrs. Hale's car now, her skirt carefully arranged.

Puffing, Mrs. Hale slid her weight into the driver's seat. "That could never happen," she said, her mouth firm. "Everyone I've seen has urged either Delia or me to bring you. You belong with us, and we're flattered you're coming. We're not as young as we used to be."

"No one is," Serena reassured her, smiling.

The valley was a sweet place. Mustard blooms still carpeted the valley floor. Here and there orchards were white and heady with fragile flowers. For accent, gardens flaunted the flame color of the flowering quince and ornamental peach.

From the main highway, Mrs.

(*Continued on page 142*)

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ellen S. Bunting

BAKERSFIELD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD, October 25, 1952

Front row, seated, left to right: Ellen S. Bunting, Secretary-Treasurer; Maude Hutchison, Second Counselor; Arlene Sutton, President; Edna Hacking, First Counselor; Orvetta Mortensen.

Back row, standing, left to right: Marjorie Luke; Eulalah Robinson; Kathryn Pond; Evelyn Brown; Anna Gage; Hortense Erickson; Ethel Phillips.

Ellen S. Bunting reports a very successful opening social given by the stake officers for ward officers and class leaders. Eighty-three women, out of a possible eighty-nine, attended the social and everyone seemed to be much interested in the unique and outstanding presentation "Let's Get on the Relief Society Train."

Photograph submitted by Muriel S. Wallis

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

The chorister, Mary Manwaring, stands at the left in the second row, and Venna Bascom, the accompanist, stands next to Sister Manwaring.

Muriel S. Wallis, President, Uintah Stake Relief Society, reports that this group of Singing Mothers, organized in 1947, has furnished music at stake conferences, conventions, and socials, every year since its organization. During the Centennial Year, they presented a public concert in Vernal, Utah, and in Roosevelt, Utah. At the dedication of the stake center, they were on the program. Their beautifully rendered numbers are an important part of all Relief Society stake gatherings.

Photograph submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

JUAREZ STAKE (MEXICO), DUBLAN WARD YOUNG MOTHERS IN ATTENDANCE AT RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: Marie Bluth; Thelma Bluth; Viola Jarvis; Dorothy McClellan; Anna Marie Taylor; Ora Bluth; Rinda Robinson; Naomi Bowman.

Back row, standing, left to right: Shirley Robinson; Agnes Bluth; Nelle Bowman; Melvina Jones; Ester O. Robinson; Sarah Camphuysen; Theresa Call; Clara Matilda Wagner; Willa Wagner; Nilus Memmott; Ella R. Farnsworth; LaVetta Taylor; Jennie R. Bowman; Rhoda C. Taylor, President, Dublan Ward Relief Society.

Gladys K. Wagner, President, Juarez Stake Relief Society, in commenting upon the activities of this enthusiastic organization, reports: "We are proud of our young mothers and their efforts to attend Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Beulah Warren

UVADA STAKE (NEVADA), PIOCHE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: work committee—Phoebe Lamb, Frances Hollinger, and Mary Campbell; Secretary-Treasurer, Grace Stewart.

Back row, left to right: Mary Hansen, Stake President; Grace Sherwood, social science leader; Ardelle Wilson, visiting teachers message leader; Faye Chadburn, Magazine representative; Orilla Hammond; Martha Bleak, President; Grace Fullerton, First Counselor; Susan Horlacher, Second Counselor; Jetta Brunson, theology leader; Gladys Lees, organist; Ivie Donohue.

Photograph submitted by Eva L. Clinger

SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO), FIRTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO AND ONE-HALF YEARS

Front row, left to right: Lila Daines, Second Counselor; Nellie Roos, retiring president; Mary Crofts, First Counselor and incoming President.

Eva L. Clinger is president of Shelley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Genevieve L. Anderson

EAST LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), WHITTIER WARD OPENING SOCIAL PAYS TRIBUTE TO FORMER OFFICERS, September 26, 1952

Former presidents, left to right: Electa Thatcher; Edna Cooley; Ada Harding; Ruth Perkins; Rachel Muir; Blanche Vaughn; Lucille Baker; Edna Skinner; Bessie Bleak; Alta Heder; Ruby Choate; Ethel Bailey; Rea Jorgensen; Martha Graham.

Every former president, except Cleta Hansen, the second president, who resides in Utah, was in attendance. A program paying tribute to each former president of the Whittier Relief Society, since its organization in 1926, was presented. Heart-warming, as well as humorous incidents of the society's growth were described. In June 1949, the ward was divided, creating Whittier First Ward and Whittier Second Ward, with Rea Jorgensen presiding in the First Ward, and Martha Graham in the Second Ward.

Genevieve L. Anderson is president of East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rebecca Mortenson

SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION November 8, 1952

Left to right: Sophia L. Taylor, stake education counselor; Virginia Adams; Gertrude Iverson; Bertha Firth; Pearl Toland; Grace Brough; Eva Hansen, stake visiting teacher message leader; Mary Marble; Ida Miller; Norma Erickson.

Eva Hansen gave a talk on the visiting teachers messages, and the ward leaders gave the messages for 1952-53, illustrating the thoughts with posters. The following were honored for their long service as visiting teachers: Virginia Adams, Sylvia Christensen, Rozina Dodd, Ethel Hampson, Ada Calderwood, Kate Harris, Margaret Thomas, Grace Fryer, Mae Bosley, Victoria Thompson, Mary Anderson, Ida Miller.

The visiting teachers assembled in this convention especially enjoyed the dramatization "A Message in Action," given by Geraldine Summers, Peggy Marble, Bessie

Calderwood, Vilate Archibald, Alvaretta Rytting, and Margaret Thomas. The group also enjoyed a display of Christmas gift suggestions prepared by Roma Whitaker, stake work director, and Fanny Fridal, stake work meeting leader. Dainty refreshments were served.

Rebecca Mortenson is president of South Bear River Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruth M. Pell

SANTA ROSA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RETIRING RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ENTERTAIN NEW STAKE BOARD AT SOCIAL
September 12, 1952

Retiring officers, seated, left to right: Dorothy Blaisdell, chorister; Leola Hamblin, Secretary-Treasurer; Jennie Dusenberry, literature leader; Louise Arntsen, organist; LaVaun Allen, visiting teacher leader.

New officers, standing, left to right: Vera Mitchell, visiting teacher leader; Helen Murdock, theology leader; Verda Newman, social science leader; Jean Porter, chorister; Elda Lowry, Second Counselor; Dorothy Knowlton, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruth Pell, President; Martha Byrne, First Counselor; Edna Peterson, work meeting leader; Eva Southwick, *Magazine* representative; Katherine Davis, organist.

Vera Maude Sorenson, retiring president, and Verda Telford, former second counselor were not present when this photograph was taken.

* * * *

Nostalgia

Ouida Johns Pedersen

I have left my sullen hills for this fair sea.
Sequestered valleys intimate to me
I must forget. All that I know is sand,
Round-breasted dunes that press against the land.
Unfettered, unrestricted by the chain
Of circling mountains, I am whole again,
And only the observing, or the wise,
Can tell it is not sea spray in my eyes.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 16—The Words of Jacob Recorded by Nephi

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, Chapters 5-10)
For Tuesday, May 5, 1953

Objective: To study the eternal truths taught by Jacob.

ABOUT 570 B.C., Jacob, youngest brother of Nephi, having been called of God, was ordained after the manner of his holy order and consecrated by Nephi as a priest and a teacher to the people (2 Nephi 5:26; 6:2). Because of his interest in teaching his people to glorify the name of God, he read to the people from Isaiah the words which Nephi desired him to speak unto the people, and Jacob taught them much of the history recorded on the plates of brass.

A gathering seems to have been held for two days at least, at which Jacob spoke at great length. He read and expounded parts of Isaiah to them (Isaiah 49:24-26; and chapters 50 and 51). He told the people that he read those parts of Isaiah that they might know the covenants of the Lord to all the house of Israel; the covenants that he had spoken to the Jews through his holy prophets from the beginning down until the time they should be restored to the true Church and to the lands of their inheritance, and the blessings the Lord had in store for the Nephites as part of Israel (2 Nephi 9:1-3).

In discussing the prophecies of Isaiah concerning the Jews, he informed them that he knew that the Jews in Jerusalem had been slain and carried away captive (2 Nephi 6:8). He told the people, however, that the Jews would return to Jerusalem, and that the Savior would manifest himself to them in the flesh (2 Nephi 6:9). He further said that the Jews living at the time of Christ were the more wicked part of the world. Jacob prophesied that because of the hard hearts of the Jews and their stiff necks, they would scourge and crucify the Messiah. Commenting on this dreadful act, Jacob said: "There is none other nation on earth that would crucify their God" (2 Nephi 10:3).

Jacob predicted that because of their iniquities, the Jews would suffer destruction, famine, and pestilences, and bloodshed would come upon them and those not destroyed should be smitten, scattered, hated, and afflicted (2 Nephi 6:10, 11; 10:3-6).

Jacob informed his people, however, that in the end God would be merciful to them, that he would set his hand a second time to recover them, wherefore he would manifest himself unto them in power and great glory unto the destruction of their enemies (2 Nephi 6:14). This restoration, Jacob said, should come when they would believe in the Lord that he is Christ (2 Nephi 6:14; 10:7). Then they should be gathered in from the isles of the sea and from the four parts of the earth. Finally, Jacob told his people that whoever would oppress the Jews at that time should be fed with their own flesh and drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine (2 Nephi 6:18).

Directing his attention to the prophecies relating to the Gentiles, Jacob taught that the nations of the Gentiles should be great in the eyes of the Lord in carrying the Jews forth to the lands of their inheritance. He said that because of this service to God's covenant people, the Lord would greatly bless the Gentiles that this land would be a land of liberty unto them, that the Lord would fortify it against all other nations (2 Nephi 10:10-12), and that the righteous Gentiles should be blessed and numbered among the house of Israel (2 Nephi 10:18). Jacob also informed his people that whoever fights against Zion, either Jew or Gentile, bond or free, male or female, shall perish (2 Nephi 10:16; 6:13).

Great as these promises were to the Gentiles, Jacob also made great promises to his own descendants. He predicted that his own seed would be afflicted by the Gentiles, but that the Lord would soften the hearts of the Gentiles. He told his people that the Lord had consecrated the land to their seed and to those who should be numbered with them, and that it was to be an everlasting inheritance (2 Nephi 10:19). Thinking of the fact that his people were a branch of the house of Israel which had been broken off and directed to the land of promise from Jerusalem, Jacob told them to lay aside their sins and not to hang down their heads, for they were not cast off, but that they had been led to a better land. He told his people that the Lord would remember them. He closed his discourse with a prayer, saying, "May God raise you from death by the power of the resurrection, and also from everlasting death by the power of the atonement, that ye may be received into the eternal kingdom of God, that ye may praise him through grace divine. Amen." (2 Nephi 10:25)

The Atonement and Resurrection

Not all of Jacob's instructions were in the form of prophecies and expositions. He also explained to his people God's plan for the redemption of mankind.

Jacob's teachings of the atonement and resurrection are clear and convincing. He explained that death came upon all men through the fall when Adam and Eve transgressed the law and partook of the forbidden fruit. "Because man became fallen they were cut off from the presence of the Lord. Wherefore, it must needs be an infinite atonement — save it should be an infinite atonement this corrup-

tion could not put on incorruption. Wherefore, the first judgment which came upon man must needs have remained to an endless duration. And if so, this flesh must have laid down to rot and to crumble to its mother earth, to rise no more . . . . And our spirits must have become like unto him [Satan], and we become devils, angels to a devil . . . ." (2 Nephi 9:6ff.).

Jacob exclaimed about the goodness of God who prepared a way for man's escape from the grasp of the awful monsters, death and hell. Because of the way of deliverance of our God this death shall deliver up its dead which death is the grave. And the spiritual death which is hell, shall likewise deliver up its dead, and the bodies and spirits of men will be restored one to the other by the power of the resurrection of the Holy One of Israel (2 Nephi 9:6-12).

Commenting on this need for an infinite atonement which Jacob said was necessary, Elder Orson F. Whitney, the apostle, writes:

> Redemption must come, if at all, through some being great enough and powerful enough to make an infinite atonement; one completely covering the far-reaching effects of the original transgression. The scales of Eternal Justice, unbalanced by Adam's act, had to be repoised, and the equilibrium of right restored. Who could do this? Who was able to mend the broken law, bring good out of evil, mould failure into success, and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat? The life of a God was the price of a world's freedom, and that price was paid by the God of Israel who descended from his glorious throne, became mortal, and by submitting to death broke the bands of death, and made it possible for man to go on in his eternal destiny (*Saturday Night Thoughts*, page 94).

Why there had to be a fall and redemption, we have not been made fully aware. We do not know why God found it necessary to put Adam and Eve into a position "Where they were commanded not to do the very thing that had to be done . . . ." It "is one of those infinite problems that must remain to finite minds a mystery until the All-Wise shall will to make it plain. Man cannot sit in judgment upon his Maker, nor measure, by human standards divine dispensations" (*Saturday Night Thoughts*, page 95).

The atonement of Christ did more than atone for the sin of Adam alone, for Christ suffered the pains of all men, the pains of every living creature, men, women, and children who belong to the family of Adam. "O the wisdom of God, his mercy and grace!" Jacob exclaimed (2 Nephi 9:8). Christ showed his mercy as well as justice.

He atoned for our individual sins as well, provided we repent and acknowledge him as the God of this world (2 Nephi 9:21, 23).

The Doctrine and Covenants expands this point of view:

> For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent; but if they would not repent they must suffer even as I; which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of the pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit (D. & C. 19:16-18).

This infinite atonement releases the wicked and the righteous from the grave and men become immortal, living souls. They will appear before Christ for judgment. On that occasion, we shall have a

perfect knowledge of all our past actions. The wicked shall remember their guilt, their uncleanness, and their nakedness, "and the righteous shall have a perfect knowledge of their enjoyment, and their righteousness, being clothed with purity, yea, even with the robe of righteousness" (2 Nephi 9:14).

The spirit and the body of each person shall be reunited never to be separated again.

At the great judgment bar of God, the righteous shall inherit the kingdom of God, and they will be righteous still (2 Nephi 9:16). The filthy shall remain filthy still, and they must suffer torment as a lake of fire and brimstone. On the other hand, those who died without law shall have claim on the justice and mercy of God, and "they are restored to that God who gave them breath" (2 Nephi 9:26).

In this discussion of this vital doctrine, Jacob, in summary, said there must be an infinite atonement to redeem men from the fall and from their individual sins. He recognized that Christ exemplifies the justice and mercy of God by suffering for Adam's transgression and for the sins of all mankind who will repent. As a result of this justice and mercy, all mankind will go back into the presence of God where each will be judged according to his works and will be rewarded or punished accordingly.

During his dissertation, Jacob told his people that as their teacher it was his duty to teach them the consequences of sin since they were not holy (2 Nephi 9:48). He advised them not to spend their money for that which had no worth, nor to labor for that which cannot satisfy (2 Nephi 9:51). He warned his people of the state of those who know the law of the gospel and then transgress it. He urged the learned to listen to the counsels of God, and the rich not to despise the poor, not to persecute the meek, and not to center their attention upon their treasures. He warned the deaf who would not hear and the blind who would not see. He told those who had unclean hearts that their iniquities would smite them at the last day. He warned the liar, the murderer, the whoremaster, the idol worshippers, and all who die in their sins of terrible judgments to come. "Remember," Jacob warned, "to be carnally-minded is death, and to be spiritually-minded is life eternal" (2 Nephi 9:39). He pleaded with his people to come unto the Holy One of Israel (2 Nephi 9:44, 45, 46).

These instructions from Jacob mark him as a prophet who looked into time and saw the important things that should happen to the Jews, to the Gentiles, and to his own people. They establish Jacob in our minds as a humble follower of the Master, a leader-prophet, mighty in righteousness and in a knowledge of the Savior and his eternal plan.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Is part of the prophecy concerning the Jews being fulfilled in our time? See Joseph Fielding Smith, "Restoration of Israel and Judah," *The Signs of the Times*, pages 45-62.
2. What were the prophecies Jacob taught relating to this land?
3. Will all mankind, the wicked and the righteous, be resurrected and stand before the throne of God and be judged according to their works? Explain.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 16—". . . And If It So Be That the Children of Men Keep the Commandments of God He Doth Nourish Them, and Strengthen Them, and Provide Means Whereby They Can Accomplish the Thing Which He Has Commanded Them" (1 Nephi 17:3).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 5, 1953

Objective: To leave the comforting thought that if we keep the commandments of God, he will help us to achieve the things that are required at our hands.

WHAT great comfort this message may bring to us! To know that we will be aided in doing all things that are expected of us, if we keep the commandments of God. We not only believe this, but we have seen the truth of this quotation verified in many instances. Missionaries testify to the help and direction of the Lord in various situations. They have felt the spirit of the Lord directing them to certain homes; they have had words put into their mouths which they themselves could not have brought forth; they have spoken in foreign tongues with little training; they have accomplished many things that were required of them which they acknowledged they could not have done except the Lord had come to their aid.

When individuals in our Church are appointed to positions of trust and responsibility, many are at first overwhelmed with the magnitude of the calling, with feelings of inadequacy. They cannot see how they can ever measure up to the great work that will be expected of them in the performance of such positions. But we have seen them put their trust in the Lord, strive to the best of their ability to keep his commandments, and then accomplish deeds that they little dreamed they were capable of accomplishing. "For with God nothing shall be impossible" (Luke 1:37).

Nephi, the author of the quotation used as the subject of this lesson, may be a pillar of strength to all readers of The Book of Mormon. His great faith inspires us to trust in the Lord and to be more diligent in keeping his commandments. When Nephi was commanded by the Lord to build a ship in order that he and his brethren might sail to the promised land, his brothers murmured against him, saying he had not the knowledge to build a ship. Nephi was not trusting in his own knowledge but in the knowledge of the Lord, and he said to them:

> If God had commanded me to do all things I could do them. If he should command me that I should say unto this water, be thou earth, it should be earth; and if I should say it, it would be done. And now, if the Lord has such great power and has wrought so many miracles among the children of men, how is it

that he cannot instruct me, that I should build a ship? (1 Nephi 17:50-51).

Nephi further says, "neither did I build the ship after the manner of men; but I did build it after the manner which the Lord had shown unto me" (1 Nephi 18:2).

May we put our trust in the Lord. May we have implicit faith in the fulfillment of his word, and may we keep his commandments that we may be nourished and strengthened in performing all that is required of us, always remembering the words of the Lord, "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise" (D. & C. 82:10).

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Use and Distribution of Income

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, May 12, 1953)

THE effect of income is influenced by the manner in which it is spent, as well as by the amount which is earned. This is the conclusion of those who have made widespread and repeated studies in the field. Women are credited with spending eighty-five per cent of the net cash earnings of their husbands.

"How can I put the money I spend to most profitable use?" is a question to which homemakers have sought an answer for a long while.

There is no one spending plan that is best for all families. Each family must decide on a plan that is in keeping with its goals in life. There is no substitute for thinking and planning together as a family group.

Experiences and suggestions of others are often helpful. An aged, rich man, who had known poverty in his earlier years, gave the following bit of wisdom: "Man's wants will always exceed the size of his income, unless he protests to the contrary. Decide what you want out of life, then set up a spending plan that will enable you to get it," he added.

Some families decide how much they can spend for each division of the family living expense, then regulate their spending accordingly. Others find it irksome to keep within set limits in their spending. A wife can be a good manager under either system, as long as she knows how much she is spending, makes wise choices of the things she buys, and gets her money's worth for what she spends.

To the inexperienced person this is not always easy. However, if you determine how much you can afford to spend, and then abide by it, this is a sure way of spending only as much as your income will allow without being overdrawn.

Spending plans are highly recommended. Some values of them are:

1. They help to control expenditures.
2. They tell where your money is going and why.
3. They help to get more of the things you want by cutting out wasteful spending.
4. They help to provide for a more equitable distribution of family income among all family members.
5. They eliminate, or at least minimize, wasteful spending.
6. They help one to match means and ends.
7. They insure more peace of mind and satisfaction for those who do the spending.

To make a success of your spending plan, it is important that you:
1. Start simply.
2. Work out a system that suits your personal or family needs best.
3. Start a record-keeping system of all income and expenses. Then keep it until the habit is formed.
4. Control your spending plan by making adjustments whenever it seems wise to do so. The purpose of it is to suggest and guide but never to rule.

While the spending plan of each family will differ, records kept by hundreds of average families of moderate incomes show their expenditures to be about as follows:

Food 29%. This lowers as income increases or as more food is produced and prepared at home. When no food is produced, it may go as high as 50%.

Clothing 15%. It may drop to 10% or 12% in low income groups, or when most of the sewing is done at home. It has been a fairly constant figure, however.

Housing 17%. This should not exceed 20%. The general rule has been used, over many years, that a house should not cost more than twice the annual gross income. However, it is questionable whether that figure can be held to during these days of high costs of building materials and labor.

House Operation 9%. The cost of comforts and luxuries above those normally enjoyed may raise this to 12 to 15%.

All Other 23%. (Recreation, education, health, travel, church, etc.)

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 32—Readings in Romanticism—A Review

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II,* Woods, Watt, Anderson)

For Tuesday, May 19, 1953

Objective: To re-define the length and texture of the romantic strands, that finally they might be bound together in a solid knot.

RICH and various as it might be, the journey from Samuel Johnson to Matthew Arnold is also a long one. And just as anticipation whets realization, even so an easy, mellow remembering of what has been met and seen and felt, is not an inconsiderable value in itself. To

be able to look back with satisfaction over a period of time or even a life well spent is equivalent to having lived twice, and the second seeing is not to be considered preponderantly inferior to the first one. During our journey of the past two years we have met many writers whose friendship might well be renewed with pleasure. For strength, and a renewing, then, we turn back.

Before we do so, however, we should know that we are traveling on borrowed time and space, since originally this lesson was to be devoted to some minor romantic poets (text, pp. 296-315). But because within these pages there is what might seem a bewildering amplitude of poets and their works, it seemed wise to review familiar paths, rather than attempting to travel too far, and in too many directions, all at once. It might be fitting on our part, however, were we to express our gratitude for use of this space by at least acknowledging its original and excellent owners.

Of our six hosts, the first we already know, because of his friendship with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and because Byron early saw that he was not a great poet, continually reminding Robert Southey and his audience of the fact. We might justly commend Mr. Southey for his industry and for his best-known poem "The Battle of Blenheim" (pp. 300-301), which with its rather morbid detail and ironical tone strongly attacks the futility of war.

Next to Byron, our second host Thomas Moore, was the most popular poet of his age. When we acknowledge him as author of three lyrics which are still universally known and loved, we can better understand his wide popularity in his own time. "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" (page 303), "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" (page 303), and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" (pp 303-304), have all been set to music, so compelling was the singing quality of Moore's words.

Recently we have met Leigh Hunt because of the inspiration and encouragement he gave the budding Keats. While he has never since enjoyed the literary prestige he knew in his own day, two of his poems, "Abou Ben Adhem" (page 304) and "Rondeau" (Jenny Kissed Me, page 305) have endeared his name to Englishmen since his death. While neither is a great poem, each endures on its own charm and merit.

His own life made wretched by poverty, Thomas Hood cried out his protest against industrialized England in poetry. Best known is his "Song of the Shirt," with its indictment,

> It's Oh! to be a slave
> Along with the barbarous Turk,
> Where woman has never a soul to save,
> If this is Christian work.

Also worthy of our attention is his "Silence" (page 306, l. 13-16) and "The Bridge of Sighs" (pp. 307-308) which asks pity rather than blame for a girl driven to suicide by poverty and the bleak indifference of London city life.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes is best represented by three exquisite lyrics in our text: "Song" (How Many

A Perry Picture

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON

Times Do I Love Thee, Dear?) page 309, "Dirge" (If Thou Wilt Ease Thine Heart) page 309, and "Dream-Pedlary":

> If there were dreams to sell,
> What would you buy?
> (text, page 310, l. 1-2)

Our hasty smile-nod procedure of greeting yields its bitterest fruits as we sketchily bypass the considerable worth of Walter Savage Landor (pp. 311-315). In his poems are found a beautiful symmetry of form, a chiseled exactness of diction and tone, which reveal a powerful blending of his classical and romantic elements. While his excellence is everywhere apparent, at least two of his best-known pieces must be quoted.

Rose Aylmer

> Ah, what avails the sceptered race,
> Ah, what the form divine!
> What every virtue, every grace!
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee.
> (page 311)

On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

> I strove with none; for none were worth my strife,
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
> (page 315)

Here, yes, is restraint and sensitivity, but also, in its own realm, another "pure serene" of masterful poetry.

Now that our respects are paid, it is time to begin laying the groundwork for our review of romanticism. Why not embody the review in the participation of as many oral readings of best-loved selections as time will permit?

At least two plans suggest themselves; doubtless there are countless others, and any plan is valid. In the first plan either the class leader or someone appointed by her introduces the program by reading a brief statement of the history and principles of the romantic movement; then various musical numbers and oral readings of romantic selections may follow. In the second plan the class leader or someone she chooses might act as narrator, introducing each reader by explaining what romantic principle predominates within her selections.

This project will prove more rewarding to everyone concerned, if art forms other than the written word are employed in presenting it. If the magnificent illustrations of William Blake are to be found anywhere in your community, use them to present not only Blake's poetry but the inspired beauty of romanticism. If large, clear portraits of the authors are available, show these when poems are presented.

Music, the sister-art to poetry, ideally can be alternated with reading of selections. The following poems have been set to music (possibly many others have been, also) and are to be found in many music libraries:

Thomson—"Rule, Britannia"
Cowper—"God Moves in a Mysterious Way," and many other hymns
Burns—"Auld Lang Syne," "Sweet Afton," "Bonnie Doon"
Moore—""Tis the Last Rose of Summer," "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

The lesson entitled, "Introduction to Romanticism" appeared in the July 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. A review of this material might prove useful both to the class leader, to those who participate in the program, and to the members of the class. Pages 1-31 in the text contain much pertinent material.

In preparing the introductory material or the unifying narrative comments, the speaker should be reminded that her function might be compared to that of the string which connects the pearls. In this project the emphasis should be on the literature itself; theory and history and classification best justify themselves if they merely join the various selections and then remain in the background.

It would seem that the greatest problem in planning this program is the selection of what to read. Since the purpose of this hour is primarily one of enjoyment through participation and recollection, the class leader should recall those passages of prose or poetry which she felt were most warmly received by the group.

Various authors should be represented, as well as the various phases of romanticism. With the hope of assisting the class leader in choosing representative selections covering the many phases of romanticism, a preliminary incomplete listing has been made. The authors are classified under six arbitrary phases of the romantic movement. Several authors made significant contributions in more than one phase. Space will hardly permit listing each poem by title, even by the pertinent lines, and many of the phases might appear in the same poem. As a suggested springboard, then, from which the final selection might

evolve, the following suggestions are offered:

1. Individuality - Democracy - Idealism
   - Gray, Burns, Blake, Hood, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley
2. Nature
   - Thomson, Collins, Wordsworth, Burns, Keats, Shelley
3. Love
   - Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Moore, Beddoes
4. Melancholy - Mystery
   - Gray, Cowper, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Hood
5. The Past
   - Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Hood
6. Beauty - Imagination
   - Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Landor

Complete short poems might be read, or the most rewarding excerpts from longer ones. Participants should be selected at least a month in advance, that they may become familiar with their readings, and completely at home as they hear the sound of their own voices reading the poems. The entire program will be much more pleasant and effective if an actual rehearsal of the program can be held before the scheduled day of presentation in Relief Society. In such a rehearsal we learn tremendously from the presentations and suggestions of each other, and confidence will be bolstered considerably.

This lesson concludes our study of the romantic period. Next year's lessons will continue on in our text into the Victorian period, which all of us may anticipate proving to be as challenging and as rewarding and as pleasant as anything we have studied previously.

* * * *

Forever Summer

(Palm Desert Vacation)

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I'll remember this butterfly as yellow
As lemon rind on the ripened fruit.
I'll remember these moments, warm and mellow,
Petunia-fragrant, still as a root.

I'll remember the bougainvillaea, climbing
The trellis, blossoms cool in my hands,
The slender palm tree's penciled timing
Of sunlight's progress across the sands.

Strange scent for winter's keeping,
The fragrance new-mown grasses know!
I shall remember when winds are sweeping
New crests and swales in a sea of snow.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 21—Destiny of the Earth and Man

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *Progress of Man*, chapters 42 and 43)

For Tuesday, May 26, 1953

Objective: To emphasize the truth that the earth is destined to become a glorified celestial kingdom, sanctified and immortal, inhabited only by those who attain to celestial exaltation.

Worlds Without Number

IN the visions given to Moses when he was caught up into an exceedingly high mountain, the Lord revealed the history of the creation of this earth. The Lord opened the spiritual eyes of Moses and he "beheld the world and the ends thereof, and all the children of men which are, and which were created." As the vision continued Moses was given the privilege of looking also into the great expanse of heaven, and there he beheld innumerable worlds, and as he looked, he marveled, and he said unto the Lord: "Tell me, I pray thee, why these things are so, and by what thou madest them?" And the Lord answered:

> For mine own purpose have I made these things . . . . And worlds without number have I created; and I also created them for mine own purpose; and by the Son I created them, which is mine Only Begotten.
>
> And the first man of all men have I called Adam, which is many.
>
> But only an account of this earth, and the inhabitants thereof, give I unto you. For behold, there are many worlds that have passed away by the word of my power. And there are many that now stand, and innumerable are they unto man; but all things are numbered unto me, for they are mine and I know them (Moses 1:31-35).

Jesus the Creator

From this and many other revelations we are taught that Christ worked throughout the universe building worlds long before this earth was formed. In the meridian of time Christ came into this world, in fulfilment of the promise and appointment. He is the Firstborn in the spirit, and the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh. He became the Redeemer of all things upon the earth, and even of the earth itself.

Island Universes

Centuries before the time of Moses, visions of similar character were given to Abraham. The Lord gave him the Urim and Thummim by which the heavens were revealed to him. Abraham saw that some of the stars were very great. He was informed that there was a principle of divine mathematics by which he might know when he looked into the heavens, that where there was one planet, or world, above the earth in its magnitude and time of reckoning, that there was still an-

other above that and so on until you come to the throne of God.

Modern astronomers have confirmed the teachings of Abraham and Moses in relation to the greatness of the universe and the innumerable stars extending in all directions as far as telescopes, and other instruments of man's invention, are able to reach. Our earth belongs to what astronomers call an island universe. There are a great many of these island universes, each a system composed of worlds without number. These systems are also called galaxies. In fact, some of the other systems, or island universes, are so far away that the entire group of billions of stars composing them appear merely as points of light. The brightest of these is in the constellation of Andromeda and is reckoned according to man's time as being nearly one million light-years away from the earth. At present the farthest known nebulae are three million light-years away.

The purpose of this brief statement is merely to give some faint idea as to the greatness of the works of God, the end of which no man has seen, and which no man will ever see without the revelation of God. This creation is ever going on. Worlds are filling the measure of their creation, dying, receiving their resurrection and place in the great universe, and others are coming to take their place and go through the same course of development. In this way the work of the Lord is one eternal round.

Life the Crowning Glory

Life on this earth is in varied forms and subject to many different conditions. What laws may have been given to other spheres and how life is regulated elsewhere in the universe, we have no means of knowing by any scientific investigation. The scriptures teach that God and celestialized beings live "in everlasting burnings." Mortals, of flesh and blood, cannot endure these conditions, but would be consumed.

This earth of ours was designed by the Father to become a celestial orb. In the Doctrine and Covenants (sec. 88) we are given a very clear and definite statement in relation to this earth and its destiny:

> And the spirit and the body are the soul of man.
>
> And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul.
>
> And the redemption of the soul is through him that quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it.
>
> Therefore, it must needs be sanctified from all unrighteousness, that it may be prepared for celestial glory;
>
> For after it hath filled the measure of its creation, it shall be crowned with glory, even with the presence of God the Father;
>
> That bodies who are of the celestial kingdom may possess it forever and ever; for, for this intent was it made and created, and for this intent are they sanctified (D. & C. 88:15-20).

From this scripture we learn that the earth was created for glory, to become the habitation of celestial beings; that God the Father will come and dwell here after the earth is sanctified.

Stages of the Earth's Existence

This earth has passed through several stages; it has three more stages through which to pass before it is glorified. After the fall of Adam a curse was placed upon the earth; that curse is upon it now. It is passing through its telestial order. Before many years have passed it will be cleansed from its iniquity and pass into the terrestrial order. This will come as the advent of Jesus Christ and the millennium of peace. At that time we will have, so Isaiah declares, "new heavens, and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind" (Isaiah 65:17). These new heavens and new earth will be the earth and its heavens in its purified, or restored state, during the millennium. It will be the condition which is spoken of in the tenth article of faith. It will not be the final new heaven and earth, for at the time of this change mortality will still be upon the earth. The enmity of man and of beasts will disappear. There will be no more death as we see it, for men will live until they are old; infants shall not die, and when the change comes from mortality to immortality it will be in the twinkling of an eye. This condition of glorious change will continue for one thousand years, and then there shall come another change, and the earth shall die.

The Celestialized Earth

This passing away of the earth was well understood by ancient prophets. Isaiah has predicted it in several places. Like all other mortal things it must die; but it will come forth again. For the earth shall die by fire and thus be purified; through this death and distintegration and purification which will follow, the earth will be raised to its celestial and final state, that of glory. The Prophet Joseph Smith has said:

> This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like unto crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it; and the earth will be Christ's.
>
> Then the white stone mentioned in Revelation 2:17, will become a Urim and Thummim to each individual who receives one, whereby things pertaining to a higher order of kingdoms will be made known (D. & C. 130:9-10).

When the earth is cleansed and celestialized, Christ will make his final report to his Father. Before that day Michael shall lead his forces against Lucifer who shall be banished with his followers into the second death. Mortal conditions will end following this last great battle. Paul says the last enemy to be destroyed is death, and it will be after the destruction of this enemy, and when every living thing—as spoken of in the Doctrine and Covenants, section twenty-nine—has received its resurrection, that Christ will make his final report and be able to say to his Father that he has finished his work so far as mother earth is concerned.

Degrees of Glory for Man

After explaining to Moses that there were innumerable worlds that have been created, and as one

passes away to its exaltation another comes, the Lord declared that the purposes of these creations are to furnish habitations for his children, and he says: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). In other words, there is but one purpose in the creation of earths like unto this where we dwell, and all other worlds throughout the universe, and that purpose is to provide habitations for mankind. We are the offspring of God and hence the crowning glory of all of his creations. The creation of earths, then, is but a means to an end. If there were no human beings and other animate things, there would be no need for earths or suns throughout the universe, for they are to serve, and are serving, the same purpose for which houses are built by men upon the earth.

Since, then, the great work of the Lord is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, we must expect the fact to be that man is found inhabiting these worlds throughout the universe. The destiny of man is to pass through three estates. In the first estate he existed as a spirit in the presence of God. Second, by and through the goodness and mercy of the Father, he is privileged to come to earth, here or somewhere else, and pass through mortality partaking of all the vicissitudes which mortal life has to offer. The third estate is that of the resurrection, the coming forth from the grave after death, the spirit and body being inseparably united. This gift will be given to every mortal creature whether he be good or bad, whether or not he seek it. This is *unconditional* redemption.

Conditional salvation will not be received by all. It is based upon obedience to the laws of God, faith, repentance, baptism by immersion and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nor is this all; it requires obedience constantly and to the end. (See D. & C. 132:22-25; 88:17, 21-28.)

This earth is created especially for the few who are willing to keep the celestial law. In his Sermon on the Mount, Christ said that the meek should inherit the earth. The meek are those who in humility, as little children, keep the fulness of the law of God. They are heirs of the celestial kingdom. Those who live upon the earth who are only willing to live the telestial or terrestrial law, must inherit some other world suited to their condition. For, we see from this written word, in the resurrection they receive bodies celestial, terrestrial, or telestial, according to the law which has been observed. The great majority of the inhabitants of this earth will not inherit a permanent residence upon the earth when it becomes celestialized. While they may have place, honor, and wealth in mortal life, the time will come, because they have not abided in the law which was given to this earth—the celestial law—when they will be assigned to a world which is terrestrial or telestial. (See D. & C. 88:37-39.)

An Eternal Inheritance Upon the Celestialized Earth

We learn, then, that there have

been prepared from all eternity past, and there will be prepared to all eternity to come, worlds for the children of God to dwell upon. This earth, because it abides the law of the celestial order, is to be crowned with the fulness of the celestial blessings and glory. Christ and his Father will come here, for this is the abode of Christ; and the saints of God shall possess the kingdom and it is revealed that they shall "be made kings and priests unto God and his Father." (See D. & C. 29:23-26.)

We can reasonably expect that other worlds than ours are peopled with beings akin to ourselves, and that this condition prevails with regularity throughout the entire universe; not only in our system, but also in the innumerable galaxies beyond our system. This thought is borne out in the words of the Lord to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon:

For we saw him, even on the right hand of God and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God (D. & C. 76:23-24).

President Brigham Young taught:

When it (the earth) becomes celestialized, it will be like the sun, and be prepared for the habitation of the Saints, and be brought back into the presence of the Father and the Son. It will not then be an opaque body as it now is, but it will be like the stars of the firmament, full of light and glory; it will be a body of light. John compared it, in its celestialized state, to a sea of glass (*Journal of Discourses*, 7:163).

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I suppose this is one of the lowest kingdoms that ever the Lord Almighty created, and on that account is capable of becoming exalted to be one of the highest kingdoms that has ever had an exaltation in all the eternities. In proportion as it has been reduced so it will be exalted with that portion of its inhabitants who in their humiliation have cleaved to righteousness and acknowledged God in all things (*Ibid.*, 10:175).

When the celestialization of the earth shall come, the theocratic kingdom of Jesus Christ will continue among the exalted beings who are counted worthy to possess an inheritance on the earth and in that kingdom. Then will be fulfilled that which is written: "And (he) hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. 1:6).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Through what stages has this earth passed or will yet pass? What is to be its ultimate destiny? Are there other worlds with a similar destiny?

2. Outline the progress of man through the various stages of his existence. If faithful, what is to be his ultimate destiny?

3. Explain and apply the following quotation: "For strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it. . . . This is eternal lives—to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. I am he. Receive ye, therefore, my law" (D. & C. 132:22, 24).

* * * *

A Time to Forget

(*Continued from page 120*)

Hale drove through a new subdivision with ranch-type homes set deep in the walnut trees. She gave a reminiscent sigh.

"When we first came all this side of the valley was in walnuts, right up to the Bates' garden. Then Henry, that was the girls' only brother, began selling bits of it for small farms. Now look at it. Half-acre lots, and some of them go almost to Main Street." She shook her head sadly. "They'll be doing that to our places soon."

"Oh, I hope not!" Serena spoke with fervor. Just when she was learning to love this place and feel a part of it, it might be taken from her.

SHE turned her shining eyes to Mrs. Hale. "I hope it doesn't come for a long time yet, not until our new wing has grown old."

Mrs. Hale's plump cheeks shook with understanding laughter. "Today," she chuckled, "you're going to see a place where life has been going on pretty much the same way for a hundred years. You'll have to look at the refrigerator and radio to see there's been any change at all. Everything else in the house either came by boat around the Horn or in the early freight cars. Except for a married niece, Miss Constance and Miss Martha are the last of their direct line and they've got everything the

family ever had. See, there it is," she nudged Serena enthusiastically, pointing to a great three-storied white clapboard house ahead of them on the slope.

"It was built before the groves were planted, when all this country was grazing and wheat land. And the right wing," she waved a plump hand, "the lumber for it came around the Horn. The Bates wouldn't tear it down when they built this place."

"Looks like everyone is here," she said, maneuvering her car along the circle of parked automobiles. "They're curious as a cat to see you." She propelled Serena up the broad gray steps and rang the bell.

(*To be continued*)

* * * *

Trite, But True

(*Continued from page 105*)

or felt that it was too hot, snatched a dish towel, and lifted the pan from the heat. It was frightfully hot. She tried moving a piece with a fork, decided on a spatula, dropped the fork on the dish towel, and began turning the meat inquisitively. Only one piece was burned much. Karen trimmed all of it hopefully and finished frying it.

Now the potatoes were done, and the gravy wasn't even started! How did you ever get it all to come out even?

Stirring the gravy, Karen glanced around the kitchen. The greasy fork on the dish towel caught her eye. Forgetting to use the potholders! On the table lay the little

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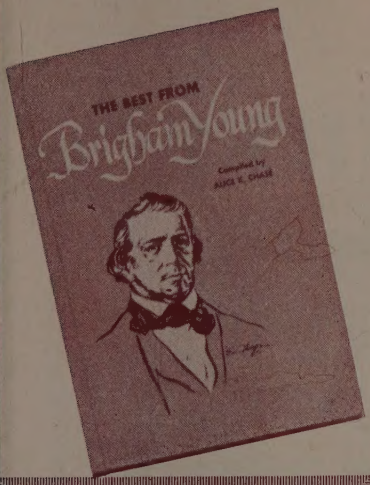
ornamental lamb Nancy had broken yesterday. Karen had thought she could mend it with china cement in her spare time today. The things needing buttons and Daddy's best shirt cluttered the counter. She remembered the open sewing machine piled with other pieces needing a stitch. Little piles of things waiting to be done all over the place! And she was the one who thought Mom was always planning more than she could do!

MOM came in, her kind face tired beneath the dark hair that was beginning to show several locks of gray.

"How has my young housekeeper been making out?" she asked, putting her arm around Karen.

"Oh, Mom!" exclaimed Karen, "when I came home that day Bert got hurt, you know what I was thinking? I was feeling a little critical of you for not using the potholders, and for pinning your rayon print, and laying out your little piles of mending, and thinking you'd have time to do them, when you wouldn't. But I've done the same way, only worse. I've got everything I ironed that needs mending laid out in little piles. I've burned the meat. I've been learning the old trite, but true lesson, mothers have an awful lot to do!"

Her mother smiled. "It is a trite, but true lesson, dear. But it has its beautiful and important side. For having things you honestly think you are going to do sometime during the day, that would actually require more time than there is in the day—that's part of the secret of being happy, for a woman."



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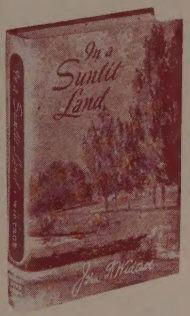

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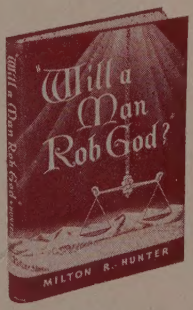

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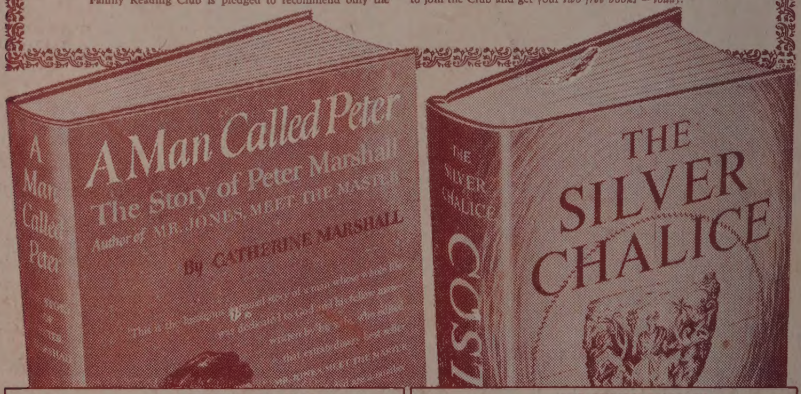
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